" Where there is no vision the people perish."

MARCH 1925 APRIL

THE POETRY REVIEW

General Editor : Galloway Kyle, K.R.G.
Associate Editor, U.S.A. : Mrs. W. Hunt Bartlett.
New Verse Editor : Dr. O C de C. Ellis.

VOL. XVI CONTENTS No. 2

Some Early Spanish Poets, by E. Crosby Heath 73
Frost, Cyril G. Taylor 87
A December Evening, Honor F. Leeke ; *A Wind of Stars*, Robert Crawford ; *Rain*, Sydney Snell 88
On Poetesses and Women Poets, by the Lady Margaret Sackville 89
Epitaph for a Poet, A. D. L. Wilson 95
Jesus Wept, P. E. Gaye ; *Hollyhocks*, Wayne Gard 96
Thomas Traherne, Poet and Mystic, by A. D. L. Wilson 97
A Hermit's Farewell, by Victor Ballan 105
A Ghazal, by His Highness the Ruler of Khaipur State 108
Delhi, by D. G. Upson 109
The Dynamics of American Poetry—VIII 110
Edward Steese, Hy. C. Swift, Ben R. Redman, Morris Gray
The Successor to Palgrave and Other Book Notes 117
"Does Tennyson Wear?" 123
The Premium Editor's Letter ; *A Villanelle*, by F. A. Carter 131
Awards of Special Premiums : Reports on the Parr-Gere ; Foster Ballad, Watson Star Contests 132
Shakespeare's Garden and other Notes 135
Young People's Verse : with original contributions 137
George MacDonald's Poetry and Other Notes 141
The Lady Margaret Gold Medal Award ; Pass Lists of Verse Speaking Examinations 145

All literary communications should be addressed to The Editor, The Poetry Review, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1, and not to the Publishers. No MSS. can be considered or returned unless accompanied by stamped addressed envelope. The Editor accepts no responsibility for the safe custody or return of any MSS.

One Shilling and threepence net.

(Annual Postal Subscription, 7s. 6d. ; U.S.A. 2 Dollars)

The Journal of the Poetry Society (Incorporated) and a magazine of general poetic interest published bi-monthly for the Poetry Society (Incorporated) by

ERSKINE MACDONALD, LTD. : LONDON, W.C.1.

to whom all Annual Postal Subs. should be sent.

Poetry Society subs. and communications must be addressed to the Secretary of the Society (for details of the Society see inside pages).

American Editorial Office : 299 Park Avenue, New York.
American Trade Agents : Brentanos, New York.

"The leading poetry magazine of the world . . . of international eminence."—LITERARY DIGEST

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/poetry-review_march-april-1925_16_2

SOME EARLY SPANISH POETS—I.

OF all the great literatures of the world, that of Spain is the least known. To the average reader the classics are represented by *Don Quixote;* modern work by *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*—if, indeed, the name of Cervantes is not quite unknown, and Ibañez already entirely out of date, so far as the rising generation is concerned.

Does the general public know the *Poem of the Cid;* the *Coplas of Manrique;* the ballads of the many Collections, the *Cancioneros* and *Romanceros;* the charming verse of the Marqués de Santillana; the spiritual poetry of Fray Luis de Leon; the poetic dramas of Lope de Vega and of Calderon? Does anyone read Espronceda, Zorrilla, Campoamor, Selgas, Nuñez de Arce, Jiménez—all distinguished, all of our own time?

Spain has golden treasures that are ours for the taking.

This is not a history of Spanish poetry, which has yet to be written in English. It gives a mere glimpse of the poets whose names stand out in Spanish literature; but it opens the door of a spacious and flowering garden.

In studying the literature of any foreign nation, one must learn something of the country, something of its people; and one must be prepared to criticise from a universal point of view. Spain is a very old country; the empire of Roman Spain existed from 27 B.C. to A.D. 406; it was Spain who went into combat with the supreme battle-cry, *In hoc signo vinces;* Spain who raised the Cross above the crescent; Spanish conquests laid the foundations of the Western world; Spain has never swerved from her ancient faith; the Reformation, which so profoundly altered the outlook upon life in other countries, left her untouched.

One can understand that her people are proud, one can understand that they are deeply and sincerely religious. Their pride is akin to our own—the pride of discovery and

conquest; their religion was once ours, and we must accept in Spanish poetry the Catholic form of faith.

There is, in early Spanish poetry, a certain austerity, and there is always an underlying simplicity—the outcome of national pride and of child-like faith. "The highest and lowest things are simple."

Spanish is the language of poetry—rich, sonorous, musical, with cadences known to no other tongue. In the early dramas, written, as we know, in verse, a single rhyme often runs through pages. Very truly may it be said that poetry has always been in the heart of Spain. Unlike other countries, whose poets wrote in times of peace of rest after warfare, her poets sang through all her centuries of battle; her soldiers were her singers, who, amid all the tumult of war, were able to withdraw into that inner citadel of the soul which is impregnable, and they gave thence to the world poems which have proved imperishable.

All historians of Spanish literature give the first place to the first great historical poem, *El Poema del Cid*—the "Poem of the Cid"—an extraordinarily vivid and authentic picture of the days of chivalry, admirable alike in theme and execution. It was written between 1157 and 1200, and it has survived all changes of literary form and taste. Even to-day, the Cid, in Spain, is the symbol of victory, patriotism and Christianity.

He was a real, not a legendary hero, by name Ruy (or Rodrigo) Diaz de Bivar, a man of noble birth and no less noble character. His title of Cid, from the Arabic *Sidi*, "my lord," was given him, it is said, by five Moorish kings whom he conquered in battle. He was also called *el Campeador*, "the Champion," from his valour in single combat, and this is the name by which he is generally known in Spain.

The manuscript of the poem has come down to us in a slightly mutilated condition. The first pages are missing, as well as others from the middle, but the loss is trifling compared with the value of what remains.

The narrative begins at the moment when the Cid,

having been unjustly exiled by the king whom he had faithfully served, looks back upon his castle, Bivar, as he is leaving it.

My Cid sighed, for he had grievous sorrow; but my Cid spoke well and calmly; "I thank thee, Lord and Father Who art in heaven, that it is my evil enemies who have done this thing."

He places his wife and daughters in a convent, the only haven of safety for women in those perilous times, and with a few hundred followers, he plunges into the territory of the Moors, and after a desperate struggle, he takes Alcocer. The description of this battle is one of the finest passages in the poem, and it has been finely translated. The metre is an old Spanish one, and one notices the pause in the middle of each line:—

Their shields before their breasts forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest, levelled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down towards the saddle bow;
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
"I am Ruy Diaz, the champion of Bivar;
Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy's sake!"
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they brake,
Three hundred bannered knights, it was a gallant show,
Three hundred Moors they killed, a man with every blow;
When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain;
You might see them raise their lances and level them again.
There you might see the breastplates how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie scattered on the plain,
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.

Tr. J. Hookham Frere.

The story goes on, to take the salient points without detail, to the Cid's reconcilement with the king, and to the marriage of his two daughters, at the royal request, to the two Counts of Carrion. These Counts of Carrion, though well-born, were braggarts and poltroons. At the time of the marriage, the Cid had established a military Court at Valencia, one of his notable conquests, and the

cowardice of these ignoble aristocrats had on more than one occasion roused comment and ridicule. The brothers, shamed by their own conduct, decided to leave Valencia, but smarting under their humiliation, they planned a revenge upon their father-in-law. They asked permission to take their wives with them to Carrion, so that they might see the rich estates their marriage had brought them.

The unsuspecting Cid granted this request, and bestowed upon his sons-in-law, as a mark of his high favour, his own famous swords, Colada and Tizon. The Counts, arrived at the edge of a deep forest, dismissed their attendants, and, alone with their brides, stripped them, and beat them cruelly "with spurs and thongs."

A kinsman of the Cid, suspecting some evil design, had followed the travellers, and arriving at the forest shortly after the Counts had ridden off, discovered the bruised and bleeding forms of the unhappy brides. He took them back to Valencia, and the outraged Cid demanded justice from the king. The Cortes was assembled, and the king himself attended, in order to see that justice was truly done. The Cid's impassioned speech before the king and the Cortes is as follows :

Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case,
Listen to what these Counts have done and pity my disgrace.
Dishonoured as I am I cannot be so base
But here, before I leave them to defy them to their face.
Say, Infants, how had I deserved in earnest or in jest,
Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,
That you should rend and tear the heartstrings from my breast ?
I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
I gave you wealth and honours, and treasure at command ;
Had you been weary of them to cover your neglect
You might have left them with me, in honour and respect.
Why did you take them from me dogs and traitors as you were,
In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there,
Why did you mangle them with whips, why did you leave them bare
To the vultures and the wolves and to the wintry air ?
The Court will hear your answer and judge what you have done.
I say your name and honour is lost henceforth and gone.

Tr. J. Hookham Frere.

The Counts are disgraced; the Cid triumphs; he secures the annulment of the marriages, and presently gives his daughters, with a happier issue, to the Infantes of Navarre and Aragon. This connects him with the royal family, and is the climax of all his achievements and honours, and forms a natural close to the poem, which shows, apart from its intrinsic literary merit, the early awakening of the poetic spirit in Spain, and the advanced state of the Spanish language. Written two hundred years before Chaucer formulated the English speech, it is more intelligible to Spaniards of to-day than the *Canterbury Tales* are to us.

A mass of miscellaneous anonymous poetry exists in Spain—ballads, chronicles, songs, epics. The *Cancioneros*, "Collections of Songs," contain many striking proofs of the intuitive and widespread feeling for poetry in the early, perhaps crude, stages of Spanish literature. I give two examples. The first is a short lyric.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG.

My ornaments are arms,
  My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
  My lamp yon star.

My journeyings are long,
  My slumbers short and broken,
From hill to hill I wander still,
  Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
  I sail from sea to sea,
Some day more kind I fate may find,
  Some night kiss thee!

Tr. J. G. LOCKHART.

The translator has allowed himself a very free hand in the last stanza, but he has kept the spirit of the Spanish text.

My second example is a Moorish ballad, which has

been put into a rhythmical, unrhymed version—a method employed with signal success by Baudelaire in his translations of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe.

THE SONG OF THE MOORISH KING WHO LOST ALHAMA

Through the city of Granada did the Moorish monarch hasten,
From the portal of Elvira to the gate of Bivarambla.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He had letters how Alhama by the Christians had been taken,
In the fire he threw the letters and he cut the bearer's head off.
Woe is me, Alhama!

From his mule in haste alighting, hastily he leaps on horseback,
Up the Zacatin he gallops, he is come to the Alhambra.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Soon as he was in the palace, that same instant he commanded
That the trumpets should be sounded and the clarions of silver.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And he bade the drums of battle beat to arms in loud alarum,
That the Moors might hear the summons o'er the plain and through the city.
Woe is me, Alhama!

They who heard the loud alarum hastened to obey the monarch.
One by one and two by two they have formed a great battalion.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then spake up an old Morisco, thus did that old man address him:
"O King, wherefore hast thou called us, wherefore is this lamentation?"
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends, you have to hear ill-tidings, evil tidings I must tell you,
How the Christians have surprised us, they have won from us Alhama."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then spake up an old Alfaqui, one whose beard was long and hoary:
"This befits you well, good King! Good King, this befits you well!
Woe is me, Alhama!

You have killed the Abencerrages, they the flower of Granada,
You have fostered here the strangers, runaways from Cordoba;
Woe is me, Alhama!

King, thou therefore hast deserved it, aye, and sorrow doubled on thee,
Hast deserved to lose Granada, and to perish with thy kingdom."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Tr. J. Hookham Frere.

The *Poema del Cid*, these *Cancioneros*, and the many Chronicles, are the Spanish Iliad, and form an indestructible monument to the age of chivalry.

For lack of space, one passes reluctantly over many names that live in Spanish literature; Gonzalo de Berceo, the first poet to emerge from anonymity; Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita, satirical observer, who wrote verse in new metres, of every sort; Peres de Guzman, a sort of "moral Gower." Following these, a lasting name shines—the Marqués de Santillana (1398–1458), soldier, statesman, courtier and poet. Admired in his own day, he is still known from end to end of Spain by his *Serranilla*, "The Milkmaid of la Finojosa." The *serranillas* are the equivalent of the French *bergerettes*.

He wrote many poems, both in light and serious vein, but his fame rests on the delicious stanzas of this *Serranilla*. Some of the Elizabethan poets had the same light and delicate touch—Christopher Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare in his scattered lyrics. One remembers, too, Sir John Suckling, and the inimitable Robert Herrick. But not one of their poems has endured in the hearts of their countrymen as the *Serranilla* has endured in Spain.

The subject is not unusual—a man of the world bent upon the conquest of a country lass, but it appeals to humanity, for all men secretly see themselves reflected in Don Juan. Here is the poem.

SERRANILLA.

A prettier creature
From border to border,
Ne'er I saw than the milkmaid
Of la Finojosa.

From Calatreveño
To Sancta Maria
My way I was wending,
Drowsy and dreaming.
In the strait, stony pathway
I missed the right turning,
And came on the milkmaid
Of la Finojosa.

In a green mossy meadow
All blooming with roses
Her flock she was keeping
Amongst other shepherds.
She was so enchanting
I scarcely could credit
That she was the milkmaid
Of la Finojosa.

I could not imagine
That spring's fairest roses
Her beauty could equal,
Nor could they exceed it.
Had I known but my peril
I would not have dallied
With that pretty milkmaid
Of la Finojosa.

I would not have lingered
To gaze on her beauty,
And then my heart's freedom
She could not have stolen.
But I whispered : " My pretty
(To hear her reveal it),
Pray, where is the milkmaid
Of la Finojosa ? "

She answered me, laughing,
" All greetings ! Your question
Is well understood,
And what is your errand.
The answer is plain :
Nor love, nor a lover
Is desired by the milkmaid
Of la Finojosa."

Tr. E. C. H.

By an odd coincidence, the next famous poet in the annals of Spain, the author of one of the great elegies of the world, Jorge Manrique (1440–1479), was a nephew of the gay and gallant Marqués. They have this in common: each is remembered by a single poem. The *Coplas de Manrique* (*copla* is a stanza) rest beside the *Serranilla* in Spanish hearts.

Rodrigo de Manrique, Count of Paredes, the father of Jorge, was a man whose noble character and conspicuous bravery won for him the title of " the second Cid." Upon his death, his son, crushed with grief, but sustained by pride, paid, in the immortal *Coplas*, the most beautiful tribute of filial devotion the world has ever known. Of this poem Longfellow made a fine translation, but no translation can reproduce the solemn music of the Spanish stanzas, which has been compared to the tolling of a deep-toned bell. There are seventy-nine stanzas, from which I have selected some of the finest.

Where is the King, Don Juan ? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon ?
Where are the courtly gallantries ?
The deeds of love and high emprise
In battle done ?
Tourney and joust that charmed the eye,
And scarf and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume—
What were they but a pageant scene ?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb ?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire and jewelled hair,
And odours sweet ?
Where are the gentle knights that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet ?
Where is the song of Troubadour,
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore ?

Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flaming robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore ?

O world, so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed !
Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.
Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom.
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son—
Roderic Manrique—he whose name
Is written on the scroll of fame,
Spain's Champion ;
His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,—
Ye saw his deeds !
Why should their praise in verse be sung ?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ;—how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief !
To foes how stern a foe was he !
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief !
What prudence with the old and wise ;
What grace in youthful gayeties,
In all how sage !
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

During the half-century following the death of Jorge Manrique, two men, themselves of lesser fame than those who were to come, exercised a remarkable influence upon the poetry of their country.

Juan Boscan (1500–1542) lives in literature as the first poet who established in Spain the Italian forms of verse. In the year 1524 a brilliant Italian statesman, himself a poet, was sent to Spain as ambassador, and during a visit paid to Granada, he made the acquaintance of the young Boscan, who had written a good deal of verse in the Spanish forms. The Ambassador interested himself in the Spanish poet, and presently suggested that he should try the experiment of using the Italian forms in Castilian poetry. Boscan, after some reflection, decided to follow his friend's advice. His task was not easy: "I find Italian verse somewhat difficult," he writes, "for it is of very artful construction, and in many particulars different from ours." Soon, however, he began to use the new forms with freedom and with increasing pleasure. In his collected works we find ninety-three sonnets and nine *canzoni;* poems in the *terza rima* of Dante, besides many stanzas in the octave metre—all forms hitherto unknown in Spain. There was naturally much opposition to the innovations from the poets of the old school, but sustained by the sympathy of a fellow-poet, Garcilasso de la Vega (1503–1536), Boscan held firmly to his position.

Garcilasso was that essentially Spanish product, a soldier, a statesman, and a poet. He wrote, describing himself, the well known line, "Now seizing on the sword and now the pen." He died a soldier, killed in battle as he was obeying the personal command of his king—a Spaniard could ask no happier death. He, like Boscan, left a volume of sonnets, blank verse and *canzoni*, all in the Italian style. Both men are remembered rather for their services to poetry than for their own graceful verse.

We come now to one of the great names in Spanish literature—Fray Luis de Leon (1528–1591), still considered Spain's greatest lyrical poet. To take holy orders in later

life was not an uncommon occurrence amongst Spaniards of the earlier centuries. Lope de Vega and Calderon are striking instances. But Brother Luis de Leon was always a priest. He was little more than a boy when he entered the Augustinian monastery. He was a teaching brother, and at an early age was made professor in his university, of Salamanca. When he was thirty-three, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, a year later he was appointed to the Chair of St. Thomas Aquinas, and in ten years more he obtained the Chair of Sacred Literature.

But now his fortunes changed. His success as a lecturer, the honours he had received, had made him many enemies. At their instigation, charges of heresy were brought against him. He was summoned before the local inquisitors, tried, falsely convicted, and confined in the secret prisons. Fifty times and more he faced the Ecclesiastical Court, never wavering in his defence, always asserting his unconditional submission to the Holy Office, and his devout fidelity to all the doctrines and dogmas of the Church.

At the end of five years, the Supreme Tribunal of the Inquisition intervened; he was admonished and released, and returned to his work at the University, where a provisional Chair had been created for him. Twenty-three days after his acquittal, he rose in his accustomed place to address the crowd of students and friends who were assembled. His opening phrase has become a classic: "As we were saying when we last met." With these simple words he began his lecture, as if the five bitter years of absence and suffering had never been. One cannot recall a parallel instance of faith and forgiveness.

From such a man one looks for a spiritual outpouring that shall transcend the common forms of poetry. And, indeed, sacred poetry was for him the only true poetry. "Would to God," he says, "that no other poetry were ever sounded in our ears; that only these sacred tones were sweet to us; that none else were heard at night in the streets and squares."

He lived in a fortunate time. The adoption of Italian verse-forms, begun nearly a century earlier, and finally

established by Juan Boscan and his followers, provided a wider range of expression than had hitherto been possible; and though Fray Luis loved the old Spanish metres, which he largely employed, he could not fail to be influenced by the new forms.

He has been compared to Wordsworth, but he is more closely akin to our English mystics, to Herbert and to Vaughan. *The Pulley* and *The World* are in the key of *Noche Serena*, the Spanish poet's masterpiece. I give the first three and the closing stanzas of this beautiful poem:

A CALM NIGHT.

When I behold the skies
With myriad starry lights illuminéd,
And then cast down my eyes
To the dark earth, lying dead,
Shrouded in night, with thought and memory fled;

Then deep within my breast
Sorrow and love awake with burning pain;
My tears flow unreprest,
Like streams o'ercharged with rain;
My lips are unsealed, and cry in dolorous strain;

Celestial dwelling-place,
Temple of beauty, filled with light divine,
My home, by God's good grace,
What hidden power malign
In earth's low prison chains this soul of mine?

. . . .

There beauty perfected
Lies around heaven like a golden ring;
Night's dismal hour is sped,
The stars of morning sing,
There blooms eternally eternal spring.

O meadows fresh and fair!
O ever-flowering fresh and lovely fields!
O mine of treasures rare!
Haven God's mercy shields!
Sweet, sheltered valley, that God's plenty yields!

Tr. E. C. H.

Surely this poem should be known in all tongues, for it speaks to all holy hearts. This is what sacred poetry should be, more beautiful than any secular strophes, beautiful as the world is. One thinks of that perfect line of Dante—*En la sua volontade é nostra pace*—the touchstone of the highest that poetry has to offer. Fray Luis de Leon possesses the same spirit. He may, indeed, have taken the great Italian for his master. Dante and Petrarch were well known in Spain. The *Divina Commedia* was translated into Spanish twice in one year (1428); once into the Catalan dialect and once into Castilian. It may well be said of true poets, as it was said by Saint Martin of mystics, "they all speak the same language, for they come from the same country." Though Italy had been unknown to Spain, Dante and Fray Luis de Leon had been spiritual brothers. In this age of materialism it is well to remember that some of the greatest poetry of the world has been inspired by the things of God. Such poetry can only be truly perceived by the sight of the soul; it is heard by the heart; it flows from heaven, and it is fragrant with immortality.

With faith in God goes loyalty to one's country, and Fray Luis de Leon wrote in *Profecia del Tajo* (Prophecy of the Tagus) an ode which might have been the work of a soldier, so full is it of ardent patriotism. He was also a master of the sonnet form, but his religious poems, written in the old Spanish metre, linger in the mind. Less lofty in tone than *Noche Serena*, less universal but very beautiful in its touching simplicity is *El Ascension*, and I give it in full.

THE ASCENSION.

Blest Shepherd, dost thou leave
Thy flock in this dark valley's gloom
In loneliness to grieve,
Whilst thou, from vanquished tomb
Dost rise to regions of immortal bloom!

We who have lived in thee,
We whom thy hand so long has fed,

Now mourn in misery
The loss of thee, our Head;
Where shall we turn for solace in our dread?

To eyes, wont to rejoice
In thine effulgence, and to ears
That listened to thy voice,
All beauty now appears
But vanity; all sounds the echo of tears!

Who now the waves can still?
Who can the fury of the winds restrain?
What polar star now will
Our boat to land again
Guide o'er the peril of the angry main?

O heavenward-soaring cloud,
Why dost thou hasten from our sight so fast,
Whose bosom doth enshroud
Our brief joy, overpast,
Leaving us, poor and blind, alone at last!

Tr. E. C. H.

ELLA CROSBY-HEATH.

(*To be concluded.*)

FROST

HARDER the chill star glints
O'er the sky's avalanche;
The stark tree colder prints
Its branch.

Of living thing no sign—
Only a robin comes
Begging, with fearless eyne,
The world's crumbs.

And, burning on his breast,
While sinks the sun's red gold,
He keeps an emblem, lest
Even his faith grow cold.

CYRIL G. TAYLOR.

A DECEMBER EVENING

FIELDS of lead
Under a copper sky,
An arc overhead
Black as ebony,
Charged with voices that chatter and cry
Aloud, and pass by.
As the chattering voices die,
Solitary,
A scarecrow man reaches his arms high
Out of the fields of lead
To the copper sky.

HONOR F. LEEKE.

A WIND OF STARS

A MUSIC as a wind of stars
From surf on other-worldly bars,
That sang through some ship's golden spars.

A raft of sound blown from a shore
Whose stayed waves only seem to roar,
An echo's echo, ne'er was more.

As though the planet, wheeling round,
Some space-suspended notes had found
That in about my being wound,

And raised me up through noiseless spells
To some far height, where life's dumb cells
Reflected faint immortal bells.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

RAIN

DIMLY through the lines of rain
The forest enwalls the moor—
A smoke of trees obscure.
—The singing lines of rain
Quiver against the trees,
For the wind is shouting a wild refrain
Caught from the surging seas,
Striking again and again
The harp of the rain.

SYDNEY SNELL.

ON POETESSES AND WOMEN-POETS

I FEEL that the title of this article is mildly in the nature of a challenge; a declaration of war; a glove thrown down. I am asserting a right which in an age so famous for its assertions and demands has somehow been overlooked. I stand forth the champion of oppressed woman held in bondage to a doleful word.

For the thing itself has passed away. Yet the thing, evidently, has existed. What visions are called up by the word alone? What are its spontaneous, its immediate associations? I quickly write the images it calls up as they come into my mind. Albums, antimacassars, Victorian angels, weak piety, weak tea, ringlets, maiden aunts with literary tastes—something very gentle, unassertive, feeble and lady-like, bearing about the same relation to poetry as, at the other extreme, a jazz-band bears to music!

The word has no roots, it is a compromise, intended to designate something which is not quite a poet and not quite a woman. It has survived from a short and curious period—a period as ridiculous in many of its manifestations as we doubtless are in ours, though we are decidedly less certain that we produce the corresponding greatness. Indeed, I should like to say here, in order to avoid any possible misunderstanding, that I yield to no one in my admiration of the great Victorians. We are much too ready to depreciate their work—possibly because it is at its best on a level too high for our comfort. I am also well aware that certain women—Emily Brontë, for instance—produced individual poems of great imaginative power; but the output of these rare women was, as a whole, too small to entitle them to be called women-poets. Still, though we are certainly not justified in despising the Victorian or any period, yet in what one may call its ultra-refined, genteel, antimacassar aspects, it was so obviously absurd that even we, precariously seated in our own glass-houses, may venture good-humouredly to throw a few pebbles. It is in this soil that the poetess flourished. Perhaps after all the word's survival after so long a time

is not purely accidental. It may result from some dark hidden instinct in the mind of man. After all, the writing of poetry has never been taken so seriously that it should have been thought worth while to discourage women from practising it. So the word " poetess " probably indicated a kindly, half-patronising admission that there was no particular harm in women writing poetry, provided they did so in moderation. Unmarried women, that is. Married women had, of course, no time for such nonsense. But it must be in *moderation* and not make the writer too conspicuous. Hence " poetess," which *does* suggest moderation in all conscience ! And as I have remarked before, it survives I daresay from an inarticulate dark suspicion still lurking at the back of men's minds that women were not really meant to write seriously at all and must be kept in their place by being called names.

I must say women, whether in poetry or other intellectual activities, have often not made it easy for the world to like them ! We have all come into contact, at one time or another, with a certain type of woman with brains who leaves one wondering whether nature after all *did* intend women to possess them. At least one is left with a certain amount of sympathetic understanding of the proverbial masculine prejudice against clever women. I have never myself understood the connection between virtue and unbecoming hats, and the same is true in other directions. But fortunately the type I speak of is growing more rare. I sometimes think that qualities which obtrude too aggressively from a personality, like raisins in a badly mixed pudding, are rather a sign of crude development than otherwise. If one thinks of the friends one most appreciates one finds one likes them less as a rule for any outstanding quality—unselfishness—honesty—courage and so on—than from a judicious blend of all the virtues, each fading into the other with no hard dividing line, and presenting a soothing and harmonious whole. And it is the same in affairs of the mind. The pill of intellect needs tempering with a rich coating of sugar. A very Shakespearean forehead is interesting, but it does not wholly

compensate for an entire lack of chin. Intellect rather should permeate and intensify all sides of the personality, making it at the same time more brilliant and more human ; it should not be thrown vitriolically in people's faces or take superior attitudes. Women have occasionally, I fear, raised unnecessary prejudice amongst their fellows by doubling intellect, as it were, with a certain amount of freakishness. Of course, men have done the same. But then everything is forgiven to men—a truth we are bound to acknowledge, since it is we—such at least is the tradition —who invariably do the forgiving !

Frenchwomen, in this respect, have always been cleverer than we. It would never occur to a Frenchwoman to wear ugly shoes because she had brains. Madame Récamier, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and the women of the Salons are standing examples of how charm—sometimes without beauty—and intellect can be combined. Of course they were not creative in anything except the art of living—perhaps the most important of all the arts, and the one in this country the least practised—but that is not quite the point. Anyhow, it may be in unconscious gratitude for this testimony that brains need not necessarily imply uncouthness, that the equivalent of " poetess " in France is never used. It is always " femme poète " or even " poète " without the femme. The French are always serious and never patronising in affairs of art—whichever sex produces it—and I do not imagine there is quite the same division in their minds as in ours between male and female writers—or rather they would be, if anything, biassed on the other side and a French woman writer, on account of her sex, receive more praise than she deserved. As a matter of fact in no country is anyone either under or over-praised for long. The balance in the end always asserts itself.

I think it may be said, though the statement sounds rather a rash one, that the woman poet, as opposed to the poetess, is almost entirely a modern production. There was Sappho, of course, but there is so little left of anything she wrote that our enthusiasm for her genius is a matter

more of faith than knowledge. After her, there are one or two moderately outstanding names—Christine de Pisan, Alpha Behm ; it may be my ignorance merely which makes the list so short, but neither of these are in the first rank and are probably only remembered because they are women. Then, after a long gap, dawned the age of poetesses. The writing of verse became for women an occupation as respectable as water-colour painting, though slightly more daring. What produced them ? Their gentle chirrup announced what fiery dawns ? Or were they themselves the children of the struggle for what was then called liberty, everywhere agitating the minds of men—shadowy and wholly respectable daughters of the Revolution. Result or presage, who shall say ? But they existed. Many of them. Eliza Cook, Adelaide Anne Procter, Mrs. Hemans and others—and others—all perfectly correct and dull as the rose-crowned languishing young ladies of early Victorian prints. Then came Mrs. Browning—partly poetess (*Lady Geraldine's Courtship, etc.*) because of her period, but mostly poet—the first Englishwoman of genius to express herself in verse. I think Mrs. Browning is considerably underestimated nowadays. It is a foolish modern fashion to dismiss as negligible once acclaimed masterpieces, because they do not appeal to modern mentality. They are different, that is all. It is as though one asserted the superiority of soft collars and bowler hats over ruffles and sweeping plumes. These fit and those do not fit modern needs. And it is the same with art. Genius remains genius even though it has no message for *us*. We need not read but we must not despise it. I imagine the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* are amongst the things at which we (though in this "we" I have the presumption not to include myself) are a little apt to turn up our noses. Yet they are *poetry* and must be considered so—even if they are not our *sort* of poetry—as long as the word has any meaning.

Then came Christina Rossetti, who was, I am inclined to think, a poetess by temperament—but a poetess of genius. There is a wide but very subtle distinction to be drawn

between the two, but it is her genius which alone concerns us in the end.

One is apt to assume that genius can in all cases rise superior to its age and circumstances. So often has it overcome apparently insurmountable obstacles that one cannot think otherwise. It is difficult to believe in mute inglorious Miltons. If they *are* mute it is probably all for the best. But if it cannot be crushed, it can be suffocated. Looking back on the history of woman in her relation to poetry, one is forced to admit the possibility of this. Why is it that not till the middle of the last century and the beginning of this have women produced little in the way of poetry which was not negligible? It may be argued that genius itself was lacking, and that may be. Yet though genius thrives on obstacles, it may easily be suffocated, one imagines, in a feather bed. That particular difficulty has rarely had to be faced by men. There can be no doubt that the almost limitless freedom of thought and expression now permissible has had stimulating effects upon the Female Muse. The gulf between Mrs. Hemans and, let us say, Charlotte Mew is almost ludicrous. One is tempted to imagine what might have happened, could the centuries be transposed. Adelaide Procter writing *vers libre* and Edith Sitwell *The Lost Chord?* Yet such things *might* have been—one cannot be sure!

There has never been, as far as one knows, at any period before the present, so violent a flood of feminine literary activity—Kathleen Masefield, V. Sackville-West, Dorothy Richardson, Rose Macaulay, Sheila Kaye-Smith, F. Tennyson Jesse, May Sinclair—to take a few names at random—(novelists who all, by the bye, have also written poetry) and others, many others—what previous generation could show the like? And these, all these, it must be remembered, are all writing, or have written, original intensely individual work, not according to formula, but their own individual point of view. Their fault—which is the age's fault likewise—is sometimes an excess of brilliance—the hard glare of an electric torch blazing without mercy into secret rooms—the ardour of the vivisectionist who does not

always use an anæsthetic. We are hurt, stimulated, electrified and depressed. Sometimes so dark is the picture shown of our secret selves we might even despair. Happily humour which is also common-sense comes to our rescue and we realise that the last word in anything is often only the first of a new language, and before committing suicide we are content to wait till we know a little more. In the meantime we can be grateful for the gorgeous bonfires made from a lot of old rubbish.

After all, hardness and bitterness belong to youth. They are the quite natural stage the fruit passes through during the slow process of ripening. It is better than being "sleepy" in any case. What is more disgusting than a sleepy pear? Only in old age do these things matter, for they indicate then fruit which has never ripened at all.

But I am wandering from my subject, which is woman in her special relation to poetry—and again I stand amazed. What is the essential difference between now and then—between the poetess and the woman poet? These intimate emotions which are now expressed without the flicker of an eye-lid—did she not feel these things, or were they crushed into her inner consciousness to ooze forth again in a faint trickle of sentimentality? What happened to the Charlotte Mews of that period with their sombre, concentrated, controlled passion? Could *they* die of suffocation under sofa cushions? There were the Brontës, of course—but they would grow pale before the audacities of their modern successors. Even with them—even with Emily Brontë—one feels there was always the shadow of the Rectory somewhere in the background. As a matter of fact the poetess was born much earlier than the mid-Victorian period of her apotheosis. She first definitely saw the light in the eighteenth century and was twin-sister to the blue stockings, the Swan of Lichfield and all that charming, witty, sententious, slightly ridiculous company. She was then patronised by Dr. Johnson and there was no sense of inferiority and nothing to actively resent in being called a poetess. At the worst it meant

a woman who played as gracefully with poetry as with her pet kitten. Later she lost much of her grace and all her wit and then the term began to be used with an intonation of slightly contemptuous reproach. "Poor Miss So-and-So," one can imagine people saying, "very clever, of course, but so plain. Did you know she writes *poetry?* There was always something a little odd about that family." Well, that is not exactly the attitude at present. Women are still somewhat of an unknown force in poetry and are considered respectfully—rather as chemists regard the atom which may, when it explodes, blow up the world! Anyhow, the poetess has passed away. At last women are saying what they really mean. Politeness and diffidence kept them dumb for many generations. The result may be disconcerting but it is always interesting. The wonder is that they kept silence so long. And what at this rate will the *next* generation reveal? In all this we can only reassert one thing that, for good or evil, women have definitely discovered poetry and deserve better than to be haunted, as they still are, by a pale, Victorian ghost of a name. For the poetess with the young lady, the lady novelist and other gentle and futile things have noiselessly passed away from a perhaps too impatient world for ever.*

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

EPITAPH FOR A POET

HERE sleepeth one God blest:
Against his breast
A singing bird built a safe nest,
But he,
Caged by life's cruelty,
Set the sweet bird free
And sought his rest.

A. DORIS L. WILSON.

* A spirited protest against the use of the term "poetess" was made in our pages in 1910 by the late Lady Lindsay, who enjoyed a considerable reputation as a poet and was the only contemporary to be included in Stead's *Penny Poets*.—ED.

JESUS WEPT

MARY and Martha ran to tell Him
Where Lazarus slept.
And spoke, in shadowed voices, of their brother :
Jesus wept.

Death smiled, in the tomb where Lazarus was sleeping,
To see His grief.
Fool ! Not for you those tears ; He was but weeping
Their Un-belief.

PHOEBE FENWICK GAYE.

HOLLYHOCKS

THE streets of heaven, I've been told,
Are paved with bricks of solid gold ;

The gates are all of precious stone,
And poverty's a thing unknown ;

No thunder-showers enter there,
For every day is dazzling fair.

Yet, strangely, I have never heard
A flower mentioned, or a bird ;

And I'm quite sure that I would tire
Of playing on a golden lyre ;

So, if there's room, along the walks
I think I'll plant some hollyhocks ;

And soon as they begin to grow,
I'll tend them with a golden hoe.

If Gabriel should pass my way,
I'm certain he'd sit down and stay.

WAYNE GARD.

Cushing High School,
Rangoon.

THOMAS TRAHERNE: POET AND MYSTIC—II

III. Love and Infinity

THE same charm which marked Traherne's character appeared in his prose writings and in his poetry. But, although he is a great master of prose, and although he ranks with Blake and Shelley in the ecstatic impetuosity of his verse, it is as a mystic that he claims a place in the front rank of English literature. Among many metaphysicians of the seventeenth century—Donne, Crashaw, Vaughan and Herbert—who were steeped in mystical thought, Traherne stands forth as the mystic of his age, and with Blake of the next century he is one of the greatest representatives of English mysticism. This importance is doubled by his gift of prose and poetry to the English language, but it is false to say that his prose and poetry suffered because of his mysticism. He was essentially a poet in his intuition, his imagination and his love of natural beauty, and it was the poet who came out in the prose; for he felt the universe to be one mighty harmony of beauty and joy: he was continually listening to the rhythms and cadences of the eternal music whose orchestra comprises all things from the shells to the stars, all beings from the worm to man, all sounds from the voice of the little bird to the thunder of the great ocean; and he was able partially to reproduce those rhythms and cadences in the language of men. Possibly in his devotion to spiritual matters he regarded both prose and poetry as mere instruments by which he might convey his experiences to mankind. But the fact remains that he did write of and try to convey the impression of Infinity in such language, which, although it has lain buried for many years, will outlive the works of others who have been acclaimed greater men.

Traherne was a true mystic. After infancy he passed through the mystic stages of purification from material

things and of contemplation of spiritual matters until he reached the glory of ecstatic union with the Infinite. It was in his *Centuries of Meditation* that he gave most expression to this experience.

As love played the preponderating part in the character of Traherne so it did in his mysticism. He believed that all men were as prone to love as the sun to shine: and so he knew by that, that love united the atoms of human life and bound them to the Eternal. He loved and was loved; and by that he judged mankind and God. The love which binds God to humanity was to him like that of parent and child, of lover and beloved.

> Love is so vastly delightful in the lover because it is the communication of his goodness. For the natural end of goodness is to be enjoyed: it desireth to be another's happiness. Which goodness of God is so deeply implanted in our natures, that we never enjoy ourselves but when we are the joy of others. Of all our desires the strongest is to be good to others. We love to be rich, but then it is that we thereby might be more greatly delightful. Thus we see the seeds of Eternity sparkling in our natures.

Thus spoke the mystic who declared also that, "By Love alone is God to be approached and known," for he knew that God is no longer an object of terror but of delight, and that to "know Him as He is, is to frame the most beautiful idea in the whole world, for He delighteth in our happiness more than we." Therefore, said Traherne, God

> is happy in you when you are happy; as parents in their children. He is afflicted in all your afflictions. And whoseover toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye. . . . He feeleth in you: . . . He hath obliged you to love Him. And if you love Him you must of necessity be Heir of the World, for you are happy in Him. All His praises are your joys, all His enjoyments are your treasures, all His pleasures are your enjoyments! In God you are crowned, in God you are concerned. . . . Whatsoever therefore serveth Him, serveth you and in Him you inherit all things. . . .
>
> By love alone is God enjoyed, by love alone delighted in, by love alone approached and admired.

for Traherne knew by instinct that God's nature required

love as much as mankind's did and because of this knowledge he told men :—

> If ever you would enjoy God, you must enjoy His goodness to all His hosts in Heaven and Earth. And when you do so, you are the universal heir of God and all things, God is yours and the whole world. You are His, and you are all ; or in all and with all.

Traherne felt that love was the end for which heaven and earth were made, and he prayed " Enable me to see and discern the sweetness of so great a treasure," while he bowed adoringly before the loving kindness of God who " moveth and laboureth night and day " for the sons of man, and Who gives to them " the early sweetness and spring of the morning, the perfume and beauty in the cool of the evening." As the seer continued his contemplation he realised " The Sun is but a little spark of His infinite Love : the Sea is but one drop of His goodness." To him the relations of God with the soul were the same as they were to the author of the *Aueren Ricole* in the Middle Ages : God is the Lover who woos the indifferent beloved soul, Who pursues the soul across the expanses of the Infinite, Who will not be satisfied until He has wafted into flame the spark within.

> By how much the greater His love was, by so much the greater may His sorrow be at the loss of His object : and by so much the greater His desire also of its restoration. His Love being infinite, may do infinite things for an object infinitely valued.

It was mystical knowledge which enabled Traherne to see the ways of God, but it was liberality of universal wisdom which made him attach himself not to one narrow Christian symbol but to a universal sentiment—love—which carried, and still carries, with it innumerable Christianities, humanities and divinities.

This mystical intuition into the part played by love in the universe, in God's relations to souls and in souls to God, was but part of Traherne's belief in the unity which he knew underlay all things, however diverse they might be. His vision was like that of the poet, Henry Vaughan, who

Saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light.

But his belief in Love was the basis, the centrepiece, and the end of the measures which the mystic took to attain union with the Infinite, and in his attempts to put into words the Eternal he clearly showed that love is the nucleus of all. Thus he set forth his conviction :—

In all Love there is some Producer, some Means and some End ; all these being internal in the thing itself. Love loving is the Producer, and that is the Father : Love produced is the Means, and that is the Son : for Love is the means by which a lover loveth. The End of these Means is Love : for it is love by loving : and that is the Holy Ghost. The End and the Producer being both the same, by the Means attained. For by loving Love attaineth itself and being. The Producer is attained by loving, and is the End of Himself.

With his clear spiritual sight Traherne perceived that Jesus Christ the Son is " the means by which the Father loveth, acteth, createth, redeemeth, governeth, and perfecteth all things and the means by which " men " see and love the Father," and that God Himself " is pure Life, Knowledge and Desire, from which all things flow : pure Wisdom, Goodness and Love to which all things return." Thus it was that although other mystics have seen God's power stretching to infinity, it was Traherne who realised more the enormity of God's Love in turning that power into act. He marvelled at the Spirit whom God sent forth to communicate His power and life throughout creation :—

It is the spirit that pervades all His works, the life and soul of the universe, that in every point of space from the centre to the heavens, in every kingdom in the world, in every city, in every wilderness, in every house, every soul, every creature, in all the parts of His infinity and eternity sees our persons, loves our virtues, inspires us with itself, and crowns our actions with praise and glory.

But God did more than this : He bound mankind to Himself by exerting His power even more and converting it into act : God to Traherne was

an Eternal Act because infinite power eternally exerted wherein consisteth the generation of His son, the perfection of His Love, and the immutability of God. For God by exerting Himself begot His Son, and doing it wholly for the sake of His creatures, is perfect Love: and doing it wholly from all Eternity, is an Eternal Act, and therefore unchangeable.

With quick foresight the mystic grasped the fact that even so must individual souls turn the power within them into act if they would ever get into touch with Eternity. He believed that love was the end of souls,

which are never perfect till they are in act what they are in power. They were made to love and are dark and vain and comfortless till they do it. Till they love they are idle, or misemployed and dishonourable: but when they shine by Love upon all objects, they are accompanied with them and enlightened by them. Till we become therefore all act as God is, we can never rest, nor never be satisfied.

Thus Traherne's vision of Infinity and God was no dead husk but a dazzling living thing with the throbbing current of love running through, continually going from God through creation, and continually returning to the End, which is God, the Fountain of all. In his ecstatic union with God he clothed himself with light as with a garment, he put on the greatness of Heaven and Earth, and he adorned himself with the excellencies of God Himself, so penetrated was he with the glory of the universe and the greatness of its Creator: for he was no outcast thrust from Eden into misery and sorrow with the flaming sword to bar his re-entrance into Paradise, but he was the son of a most loving Father, born and called to a glorious inheritance.

That Traherne's claim to greatness rests upon his mysticism may be used by some as an excuse to condemn him unheard. Mystics have often been censured for their narrowness, that is for their lack of communication with the world, and for their use of symbolism which, as the ages pass, loses its meaning and value. It was with regard to the first implied fault that "Michael Fairless" wrote:—

But surely the great mystics, with all their insight and heavenly lore, fell short when they sought freedom in complete separateness from creation instead of in perfect unity with it. The Greeks knew better when they flung Ariadne's crown among the stars, and wrote Demeter's grief on a barren earth, and Persephone's joy in the fruitful field. For the earth is gathered up in man: he is the whole which is greater than the sum of its parts.

Emerson in his essay on *The Poet* wrote against the mystics' use of symbolism :—

But the quality of the imagination is to flow, and not to freeze. The poet did not stop at the colour or the form, but read their meaning; neither may he rest in this meaning, but he makes the same objects exponents of his new thought. Here is the difference between the poet and the mystic, that the last nails a symbol to one sense, which was a true sense for a moment, but soon becomes old and false. For all symbols are fluxional; all language is vehicular and transitive, and is good, as ferries and horses are, for conveyance, not as farms and houses are, for homestead. Mysticism consists in the mistake of an accidental and individual symbol for an universal one. The morning redness happens to be the favourite meteor to the eyes of Jacob Behmen, and comes to stand to him for truth and faith; and he believes should stand for the same realities to every reader. But the first reader prefers as naturally the symbol of a mother and child, or a gardener and his bulb, or a jeweller polishing a gem. Either of these, or of a myriad more, are equally good to the person to whom they are significant. Only they must be held lightly, and be very willingly translated into the equivalent terms which others use. And the mystic must be steadily told—All that you say is just as true without the tedious use of that symbol as with it. Let us have . . . universal signs, instead of these village symbols—and we shall both be gainers.

Both critics were speaking from experience, but their censure does not apply in its entirety to Traherne. All mystics are inclined to resort to symbolism because they find it difficult to put into common speech the visions which they see and feel with their spiritual senses; and their belief in the unity underlying diverse things tempts them to substitute an earthly symbol for the heavenly reality which is visible to them alone. So Traherne, roused into speech by his contemplation of God's relations with

man, symbolised it by the emblem of the attitude of a lover towards a beloved one and wrote of it so, in order to drive home the eternal truth. Again, he made his point under the guise of a conceit as he does in *Meekness* :—

> Mankind is sick, the World distempered lies.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The wise and good like kind Physicians are,
> That strive to heal them by their care.

But the poet in Traherne, his imagination and love for creation, would not allow him to resort continually to symbols, and his character was such that he had no desire to seek freedom from creation and mankind in spite of his devotion to his spiritual life. The result was that he gave the universal signs which Emerson desired instead of the " village symbols," and in his love for mankind did not separate himself completely from creation. Instead, in his rapture he wrote :—

> It is my privilege that I can enter with Thee into every soul, and in every living temple of Thy manhood and Thy Godhead behold again and enjoy Thy Glory.

and thinking only of his individual relations with God he prayed : " I pray Thee teach me first Thy love unto me, and then unto mankind," but with swift remembrance he concluded humbly : " But in Thy love unto mankind I am beloved."

With regard to creation, Traherne, like the Greeks, flung his mystical thoughts amidst the sunshine, the air, the wind-driven clouds, the stars and the ever-moving sea and waters : he wandered among the planets beyond this world ; he took for his province all creation, heaven and earth, all ages and all men. Surely " Michael Fairless " herself would be delighted with this simple appreciation of nature :—

> The Sun serves us as much as possible, and more than we could imagine. The Clouds and Stars minister unto us, the World surrounds us with beauty, the Air refresheth us, the Sea revives the

earth and us. The Earth itself is better than gold because it produceth fruits and flowers.

Nor would she wish to gainsay the universal wisdom of the statement that man will never enjoy the world aright till his spirit fills the whole world and the stars are his jewels, till he is as familiar with the ways of God in all ages as with his walk and table.

This power of comprehending the whole universe and of uniting it with his mysticism possibly accounts for the marvellous way in which Traherne opened up Infinity. There are many English writers who have expressed their thoughts of the Eternal, but none of them can compete with Traherne in the clearness and forcibility of his thoughts which enabled him to give to them living expression which is yet intelligible to the ordinary man.

"The World," he wrote quaintly, "is not this little cottage of Heaven and Earth. Though this be fair, it is too small a gift," and then he gradually opened up the vistas of Eternity, "when God made the World, He made the Heavens, and the Heaven of Heavens, and the Angels and the Celestial Powers." It was because Traherne always saw God "manifesting Himself in the world," and because he understood so clearly that he was able to write simply of Eternity with which he was so familiar.

Eternity, he said, magnifies our joys exceedingly, for whereas things in themselves began and quickly end; before they came, were never in being; do service but for a few moments; and after they are gone pass away and leave us forever—Eternity retains the moments of their beginning and ending within itself; and from everlasting to everlasting those things were in their times and places before God, and in all their circumstances eternally will be serving Him in those moments wherein they existed, to those intents and purposes for which they were created. The swiftest thought is present with Him eternally: the creation and the day of judgment, His first consultation, choice and determination, the result and end of all just now in full perfection, ever beginning, ever passing, ever ending: with all the intervals of space between things and things, as if those objects that arise many thousand years one after another were all together.

A. DORIS L. WILSON.

A HERMIT'S FAREWELL

(By a North Down Hermit)

I.

THESE eyes have opened from their last lone night's
Dim voyagings, and fain would keep
Their imaged cargoes, borrowed from the heights,
On waters loaned from sleep.

All day my monarchy's sweet carillon
Ran ringing round the woodland wall,
But half my heart to ring it back is gone ;—
The Hermitage must fall.

The hill-top silences ; the sun is set ;
Great Evening, rich with reverent praise,
Flings largesse to a miserly regret
That dreams must go their ways.

But longing wounds the spirit, as does hope,
If winged only, wanting feet
To clamber stoutly up the visioned slope
Toward which the pulses beat.

And steadfast faith, if indolently stood
On surest promises, alone,
Will leave the heart a stagnant pool of blood—
A wishing-well of stone,

While pale To-morrow piloting makes wreck
On present shoals—his distant eyes
Horizonward, beyond the atoll-neck
Where calm lagooning lies.

But now, my pulses dinning to the strife
'Twixt Solitude and Social Plea,
Deep calling deep, profounder shallowed life
Must wreathe dread victory.

I weep the fallen with unfalling tears,
Trusting the spirit's blood is shed
To quicken lives in unconjectured years,
And purpose halfway dead.

As galaxies of unsubstantial things
  Flit twinkling round an earthly Pole,
Come, weighty Truth, on immaterial wings,
    And full possess my soul!

Enwrap me, Spirits of the Void! Descend,
  Fine Essences which float the Blue!
Wood-elfin eyes, peep out!—for I would spend
    One day's farewell with you.

A Presence!——and my petty Life-that-Is,—
  Between the vaster Life-to-Be
And All-I-Was, crushed in parenthesis,—
    Breaks on Eternity!

II.

My little tent, no more I take my seat
  Upon your daïs!—hid from eyes
Without; a Hermit shut with God, whose feet
    Oft roamed my Paradise.

I shall not hear the Mist-Lord of the Dawn
  Piped up to his imperial throne,
Nor bow uncapped upon the Eastward lawn
    In silent antiphon.

No more shall loose the tensened cords that shrink
  To joy-tears from the laughing skies,
Or raise the shimmering walls that hotly sink
    Their thousand sunning flies.

Light-long upon my hill-top Academe
  Need seek no wisdom to forget—
While still remembering in a wiser dream
    Dear loves that lead me yet.

No evenfall shall beck these eyes away
  To watch above the lifted lea
Titanic furnaces of molten Day
    Pour out their flaming sea,

To cool and temper on a lucent strand
Of aery topaz—graduate
Through animë and half the prismic band
To sombre depths of slate.

Unwatched, the serried vanguard of the night—
A filmy fleet of nautili,
Afloat upon their harbour's steely light—
Sets sail across the sky,

As, drifting Godward on the moonlit foam
Which billows where the day has died,
This Isaac wanders from his desert home
To pray at eventide.

No more shall faith's supernal vision sense
Enduring Substance in the Soul;
In patent wrongs, concealed Benevolence
Which makes the spirit whole.

Nor, crouched before the camp-fire, shall I see
My boyhood—Phœnix on the flame—
As ashen eyes glow warm to welcome me;—
For Gabriel calls my name,

And challenges Seclusion to confess
Hid charities, veiled deeds benign,
Forgotten boons, remembered kindnesses,—
Whereof but few seem mine,—

Lest I should hear Life's Mist-Lord, at the Morn,
Harped high on His Celestial Throne,
And kneel unhaloed at a Crown of Thorn
In hymnless antiphon.

. . . . . .

I startle to the woodland tears that light
From myriad leafy lids of woe;
The Hermitage is gone; its barren site
Is——Nay, 'twere best to go.

VICTOR BALLAN.

A GHAZAL BY HIS HIGHNESS MIR ALINAVAZ KHAN BAHAUDUR.

O SAKI, brimful fill to-day
My cup of Destiny, I pray!
That my remaining days I may
Thy tavern praise and bless!

Since moth its wings must burn, and die
When close it doth to candle fly . . .
Why on the story of Sinai
Did Moses lay such stress!

O devotee! some day do wait
Here, too, in worship to prostrate!
For Idol-house and Kaaba great
Resemble more or less!

Her coiling plaits she grew with zest
The reason why . . . I knew it best!
She reared the snakes, upon my breast
To dance with guilefulness!

The clouds as shades of sorrow seem
With torture strikes the lightning's beam;
In Saki's absence I but deem
Their beauty merciless!

O when I drink, and newly pine
I just compare the sparkling wine
With splendour of her eyes divine,
And those my lips caress!

To grind and scrape each little grain
Of Destiny—to store the gain,—
And sustenance by this obtain
Is quite a new process!

The bag that round my neck I wear
To beg— . . . I did suspend it there— . . .
And gather for your tavern fair
The blessings numberless!

Repent, O Sheikh ! Repent thy " say " !
This wine and foul ? . . . Thy prattle stay !
Confound not Naz to go a-stray
And really to transgress !

TRANSLATED BY ELSA KAZI.

See Judge Kazi's article on this verse form in the January, 1924, POETRY REVIEW.

Saki—cup-bearer.

DELHI.

THERE was a Singer once—Ah, she was a soft Circassian
Moulded to love and song with wayward and wanton feet ;
Light like a summer sun's in her hair—but her eyes were ashen
Grey as the songs she sung—songs that were icily sweet.
Grey were the loves she sang—the delicate grey of dawning.
Grey as the lips of a singer whose lips all men may claim ;
Grey as her covetous eyes—soliciting eyes and fawning
There was a Singer once and—I have forgotten her name !

Then came You with your eyes—dark flames—and your passionate fingers,
The scarlet gash of your mouth and the throb of your girlish throat.
And your songs were sooth—not lies like my unremembered Singer's—
Laughter or moaning of frenzy in every haunting note.
You with the silver voice so flutingly promising passion,
Your body lithe like a boy's—Ah, little and unkissed breasts !
Would that I could forget you as I forgot the Circassian !
Would that I never had met you since memory never rests.

D. G. UPSON.

* * *

It is of interest to record that one of our vice-presidents, Mr. Charles Wharton Stokes, has become President of the Poetry Society of America, which developed out of The Poetry Society as the result of negotiations opened up by Mr. Maurice Browne and subsequently by Mr. Ashton Jonson, representing the parent Society. The American Society developed chiefly as a " poets' club," the encouragement and use of contemporary verse being its chief concern. Hence it is very appropriate that our experienced colleague, who is the Editor of *Contemporary Verse*, now in its nineteenth volume, should become the head of an organisation one of the chief activities of which still is the reading of poems anonymously at the monthly meetings held in New York from October to May.

THE DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY—VIII

EDWARD STEESE, HENRY C. SWIFT, BEN RAY REDMAN, MORRIS GRAY

EDWARD STEESE, recent graduate from Princeton University, is a "comer," in the American vernacular, in American poetry. His first book of poems, *Storm in Harvest* (The Brick Row Book Shop, Inc., New Haven), has already taken its place as the work of such a writer, and the wiseacres in poetry predict a brilliant future for this young graduate. Mr. Steese writes me:

"My friends and critics like best: *Mary*, *Lines in Memory of Howard Crosby Butler*, *The Sea Lies East of Princeton*, *Dead Leaves*, *Nordman Firs*, and *Storm in Harvest*, as well as *Lines Written in Autumn*, and *The Storm*.

"As my best, I would choose *The Last Train*, *Mary*, *After Tennis*, *The Covered Well*, *Perspective*, *After Closing*, *Peace at Dawn*, *To Lydia*, *After Golf*, *Winter*, and *Dead Leaves*. My favourites are *A June Walk*, *After Closing*, *Perspective*, *After Golf*, *The Last Train*, and *The Sea Lies East of Princeton*. This is all very confusing I must admit. I choose one poem for one mood, one for another, but I like best the quieter things that flow smoothly, as life in its ideal state should."

Mr. Steese's *June Walk*, being eight pages long, we may only have a glimpse of it in this review.

> Winter has come upon us; let me sing
> Of aught to give us strength through the most drear
> And dismal months of the revolving year,
>
> * * * *
>
> For they, no doubt, have done as we before,
> And, if it's true, these lines can give them naught
> Who think that sensuous Nature is no more
> Than of itself.
>
> * * * *
>
> Books thrown away, I shuffled down the stair
> And sauntered out into the mellow air.
> We walked, breathing the warmth, my friend and I,
> Westward along the highroad, watched the sky
> Flush like a misted opal, and the red sun

Roll in the west now the hot day was done.
Once free of the town, we left the cobbled road,
And over field and bright-flowered meadow strode,
Into the sunset, on to a quiet lake
Where elm and willow and shivering poplar make
Placid reflection in the waters.
Now both of us, being poets, had brought a book
Of modern verse, yet never cared to look
On modern song when sparrow and thrush were singing
Far truer music. . . .

After Closing.

I don't know why I stayed . . . To feel
The turn of some mysterious wheel
Of life; hear in my ears what rung
Like echoes of a song just sung. . . .

I lingered when the rest had gone;
I viewed the empty campus lawn;
And saw in every blade of grass
The mark, the bruise of feet that pass.

The Last Train has the mystical note; you will want to read it all, but I may only give a part here. It is over six pages.

I shall go out at night,
And leave the heated room
Dull in the half gloom
Of guttering candle-light,
Nor longer shall I stay
Lest lingering I see
The candles die away,
The last wine poured for me;
Into the night I'll glide
From the dim table-side
And the tired talkers there,
Into the snow-sweet air.

* * *

The corner I shall make,
And hurry down the street,
But no one shall I meet
Whereon to still the ache

Of heart's deep loneliness
And quiet of the night,
* * *
Bursts with a rush of wind
And roar of iron ; and then,
The empty tracks again,
And the breath of the wet wind ;
Till through the blinding night
Long clanking cars are drawn
Slowly from hills of moonlight
To seaboards of white dawn ;
And when they too have passed
Suddenly comes the last
Train out of the West
And what is last is best.
* * *

In Many Moods (The Stratford Co.) Henry C. Swift turns a kaleidoscopic eye on several hundred subjects, dealing with them in, as the title of the book indicates, "many moods." Mr. Swift's selections are *The Song of Labour*, *The Pharisee's Prayer* and *My Secret Shrine*. To these I would add *Fame*, *Dead Ambitions* and lines from *Departed* and other poems.

The first two stanzas from *The Song of Labour* follow :

Oh, ye of the toiling millions,
And ye of the gold-bought right,
Join ye in the praise and plaudits raise
To Labour, the Monarch of Might !
For the roar of the fires ne'er slumbers ;
Ne'er still is his anvil's clang ;
His arm ne'er tires, and our ancient sires
To the sway of his sceptre sang.

His Song is the March of Progress
To which the world moves on ;
Its rhythm has flowed along every road
Where Liberty's light yet shone.
It has quickened the centuries pulse-beats
E'er since mankind had birth,
And surging along, his tumultuous song
Has awakened the slumbering Earth.

The following lines are very characteristic from *Departed:*

In the light beyond seeing are truths beyond knowing,
And things to which ever our senses are blind ;
For the Real exists not alone by its showing,
And the Infinite is not by measure confined.
And so enters the soul in its passage outgoing
To a Life yet more full than the world left behind.

* * * *

Masquerade (Robert M. McBride & Co.), by Ben Ray Redman, came to me with the following letter :

It would be difficult for me to choose one favourite poem for quotation ; but I think *The Owl's Heart* is probably as good as anything in the book. That is rather long, however : of the shorter ones, I particularly like *This was the Crag*, *Abdication* and *Child of a Line Accurst.*

Mr. Redman is among America's younger poets. He graduated from Columbia University and was commissioned with the British Army as 1st Lieut. (in 1917) with the Royal Flying Corps. From 1917–1919 he served as scout pilot, 79 Squadron, B.E.F., on the Ypres front, and since the War has distinguished himself in writing circles as Lit. Editor of *The Spur* and *Travel*, and the writer of essays and fiction. Characteristic of his experience in the War is *Heroes*—

Dinner was ended when the warning came
(They bombed us every evening for a week) ;
The night was scarred by futile jets of flame,
While searchlights madly played at hide and seek.
The Mess grew tense ; then came the shrill, high whine—
The roar ! Another, closer. Then the third.
" That got the 'drome." The Major sipped his wine ;
Muscles relaxed and stiffened fingers stirred.
But one sat rigid, fingers tightly clipped
About a lightless cigarette, ash-white.
That afternoon his lonely plane had dipped
Quite uninvited to a reckless fight
Where one faced five. We prate of heroes when
The talk should run on circumstance, not men.

Abdication.

When your cold eyes appraised life's offering,
Balanced the ledger with an honest scorn,
And fixed the sum of nature's proffering
At figures others judged a bit forlorn ;
When major faiths and minor human lusts
Furnished your writer's mill with choicest grist
(You pictured dreaming swine agog for crusts),
Men laughed, and named you master ironist.

But when at last your parched lips sought a cup,
And when your tired hands a scrap of broken bread,—
And puppet-master's strings now yielded up,
You in the dangling puppet's rôle instead,—
All the thin laughs that you had called from earth
Were lost in thunderings of cosmic mirth.

My favourite in the book is *Seaward*. From it I give the first two stanzas and the last :

With eyes incurious and undivergent steps,
Content to walk the safe track of the shore,
Where footprints lie as thick and meaningless
As leaves in autumn, most men fail
Ever to glimpse the storm-tossed sail
Of beauty riding far across the waves.

But there are men
Born straight and lithe and hard
For swimming ; men whose arms
Ache for the clutch of waters,
And whose mouths
Burn for the sharp kiss of salt spray :
Swimmers by right of all their being,
Shaped to spurn
The lethargy of land, to cleave
A passage seaward.

* * *

When the spent body is at last
Flung back upon the deeply trodden beach ;
Or when half-way, the swimmer meets deep death,
Still thrusting seaward with his parting breath,
Facing his failure with a brave surprise,
He dies with beauty mirrored in his eyes.

Mr. Morris Gray, author of *The City's Voice* (Marshall Jones, Boston), combines in his personality the man of affairs and the follower of the arts. A lawyer, a director of the N.E. Trust Co., a fellow of Am. Acad. Arts and Sciences, Pres. of Boston Museum Fine Arts, a Harvard University graduate, and member of the Authors' Club, London, he makes his home in the dignified city of Boston. Mr. Morris's book is a pleasure. His letter to me, I quote from—

The City's Voice was issued early in December and included practically all poems up to that time. In the last few weeks I have not written any sonnet upon a city. . . . I really do not think that I have ever looked upon any of the poems as my favourite one. I have received many letters about the book, several containing names of poems that the writers liked best. Among these are the following :—*Judas*, *Trust*, *Transmigration*, *Parting*, *Loneliness*, *The Abandoned Farm*, *The Greek Girl*, *The Twin Memnons of Thebes*, *Rome*, *New York*, *The New Cyrano*, *Art*, *At Half Mast.*

Since Mr. Morris makes no personal choice from his delightful book I shall give myself the privilege of doing so, and first quote the octave from the *City's Voice*, which to all lovers of cities will be sympathetic—

What strange transforming spell doth music throw!
The trumpet, and the soldier wins the soul ;
The organ, and the saint hath full control ;
The song, if only it be sweet, and lo !
Love dawns and once again life's flowers blow.
Yet ne'er hath music spelled my spirit's whole
As hath the City's voice that doth enrol
The all of every passion man can know.

And next *Parting*—

Dearest ! God calls. To what unknown I go :
Whether my soul lies lifeless in the tomb ;
Or through His justice finds eternal doom ;
Or as I dream, shall through His mercy grow
Out of its past and into hidden beauty blow
As from some seed deep hidden in the womb
Of earth, compelling, doth the lily bloom ;
Whither I go, I'm glad of life I know.

So glad, that if I reach His realm of Grace
And still am I, I shall not turn to see
Even the glory of the Father's face,
But with unswerving gaze shall watch for thee,
To clasp thee soonest in mine eye's embrace
And know, O heart of heaven, ecstasy.

Among Mr. Morris's poems entitled *Songs* there are some lovely things, among them *Barter:*

Eternity of stars
That holds the worlds in sway,
Eternity of service—
The heaven for which we pray.
Yet would I change for that, dear love,
Thy whispered word to-day!

Loneliness.

Men think that I am lonely
Because I pass alone:
I whom Love companioneth,
Whom Love hath made his own.
I who feel his spirit,
I who hear his song—
How lonely must that woman be
Who needs the chattering throng.

Absent.

Come back, come back, O breath of my life,
Come back, come back, my delight,
As the southwind comes—and the buds are rife,
As the north-star comes to the night,
That the heart that beats here,
Oh, my dear, dear, dear,
May break into song at thy sight.

His *New York* sonnet in the September *Poetry Review* will be remembered by all readers.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

THE SUCCESSOR TO PALGRAVE.

PALGRAVE'S *Golden Treasury of English Lyrics*, which has long been the model and standard anthology of English lyric poetry, originally covered the whole range of English poetry up to 1850. But as writers still living in 1861, the year of publication, were excluded, the chief Victorian poets were not represented. Some later editions have contained a supplementary part, including a tentative Second Series by Palgrave himself, but Palgrave has never been authoritatively brought up to date until now, when Mr. Laurence Binyon has selected *A Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net), which will take its place besides the original *Golden Treasury* and complete it for our time, however many other excellent modern collections may compete with it for popular favour. Palgrave in his First Series included 339 poems from the Elizabethans to Wordsworth. He published his Second Series of 190 poems in 1897—a selection that "cost thrice the labour of the first." Mr. Binyon covers the same short period in his First Book of 116 lyrics, and gives us 125 more in a post-Tennyson Second Book—a more delicate and difficult task, we assume, than Palgrave found his Second Series to be.

In his first part Mr. Binyon does not merely edit his predecessor and cut him down. Although dealing with the same poets he repeats very few of Palgrave's selections. It would be interesting to speculate on this wide variation of choice. Does the later editor, further removed from the immediate influence of the Victorians, reflect a more matured taste, a final judgment? He includes fifteen poems by Tennyson, but only three of them are among Palgrave's twenty three; he has thirteen by Browning against Palgrave's fourteen, but only four are common to each; Rossetti is represented by nine in the new anthology, but only two are found among Palgrave's twelve, while Charles Tennyson-Turner and Frederick Tennyson, who were represented by twelve and four poems respectively in the Second Series, have disappeared now, and William Barnes, who had twelve poems in the former, is now reduced to one—a newcomer. Only three of Matthew Arnold's fourteen in Palgrave appear among Mr. Binyon's seven; John Clare is represented by three different pieces in each case, and many of Palgrave's moderns, including Sidney Dobell, Alfred Domett, Lord Houghton, Jean Ingelow, Thackeray, Gerald Massey, Sir Lewis Morris, are not found in Mr. Binyon's more eclectic collection.

The second part of the new *Golden Treasury* is still more intriguing. It covers a period of transition, but bears the unmistaken impress of continuity if not of actual Victorianism. Instead of

dissecting it meticulously, we would prefer that readers should examine it for themselves. It will repay investigation and discussion. We feel that Mr. Binyon has exercised a severe, dignified and wise restraint, that the collection does not—as it should not—represent personal preferences. He was not acting in a private but in an executive capacity, and he has recognised the limitations and responsibilites of editorship more than many of his contemporaries. Just as he was not content with Palgrave's choice in the earlier section, although Palgrave has contented a host of imitators who have drawn liberally on him when compiling anthologies that have been presented as individual and responsible collections, so Mr. Binyon has exercised his ripe judgment judicially in the Second Part. He does not claim to present "all the best poems" written in English during the period under consideration. That is an ambition for the infallible, as he pointedly admits. Although his choice is naturally limited to poets with a certain public reputation, not involving acquaintance with all the poems published in the English language in all the books and periodicals of our time, he recognises the amplitude of the material within his range as well as limitations of space preclude any claim to the inclusion of "all the best poems." Instead, his poems are representative of the period rather than of all the poets. We may claim these poems are representative of various moods and manners, presenting a microcosm of contemporary work of the highest available order—standard poems of our time irrespective of omissions and individuals. In this Second Book we have eleven poems by Robert Bridges, five by Rudyard Kipling, five by Thomas Hardy, four by Mr. Sturge Moore, four by Mr. W. H. Davies, three by Mr. Masefield, two by Stephen Phillips, while as typical of their period Messrs. Richard Aldington, Hilaire Belloc, Gordon Bottomley, Edmund Blunden, John Davidson, Padraic Colum, W. W. Gibson, Ernest Dowson, Robert Graves, Lionel Johnson, Maurice Hewlett, Edmund Gosse, Robert Nichols, S. Sassoon and J. C. Squire are among those who are immortalised by one poem each. Watson, we are sorry and surprised to find, is a one-poem man, too. Mr. Binyon will not deny that others equally deserving of inclusion in a representative sense are omitted—Mr. Noyes and Mr. Drinkwater are among the notable absentees—in other cases his omissions are as eloquent as his inclusions and deserve our respect. He has not been intimidated by furious riders of an unmanageable steed. We are grateful, too, for the recognition accorded Miss Evelyn Underhill and Mrs. Rachael Annand Taylor, and for a greater discrimination in his

serious task than was shown by the more indulgent editor of that curiously unequal Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, although we would have liked to see more names unknown to the coteries who will deny the right of Archibald Young Campbell to be included among these exhibits.

A SCIENTIFIC POET: DR. ALBERT DURRANT WATSON.

Mr. Lorne Pierce reminds us that we did scant justice to Dr. Albert Durrant Watson, the Canadian poet, in our recent reference to his poems (November-December). In a little book, of a type we would like to see over here, Mr. Pierce reveals the secret sources of Dr. Watson's greatness. His subject is like Browning's *Grammarian*, determined that before living he'd learn how to live—Dr. Watson beginning his literary career late and not until he had evolved for himself a satisfactory philosophy of life. Now it is no longer possible, as the substantial volume of his collected poems published last year indicate, to consider the literary development of Canada or its spiritual and intellectual progress without taking Dr. Watson, who has hitherto lived the creative years of his poetic life under the penumbra of indifference and intolerance, into account. He spiritualises life consistently and completely, which is the more significant inasmuch as he is a Fellow and Past President of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, uniting " the poet's wonder and ecstasy, the mystic's insight and spiritual sensitiveness and the scientist's exact knowledge." This rare blend enabled him to state that " the true astronomer and the real poet meet in the skies, for there is the habitat of the unboundaried mind which is the possession of all true greatness. . . ." Of all contributions to science made by the poet the finest is that he perceives and reveals that harmony of nature and unity of life of which the astronomer discovers the details in the hitherto unknown continents of truth. This astronomer does not give astronomical instruction in verse, but his references in terms of exact science to the music of the spheres are many. In his poems we hear with him " the pibroch of the stars " when " the cadence comes throbbing down the night," and with his great poems *Kepler*, *Galileo* and *Copernicus*, he anticipated Mr. Noyes.

" BOTTOM " AND THE ELIZABETHANS.

We will admit that the critics, whose business is to discuss and criticise and not merely to express gratitude and satisfaction, had some reason for complaining of the hard brown rocks on which the fairies danced in the Drury Lane revival of *A Midsummer Night's*

Dream and other apparent imperfections in the presentation of this most poetical play, yet one should be profoundly grateful that it was done so beautifully—nearer to the unattainable ideal that we all cherish than any other of the half-dozen—not a score—previous productions we have seen. It was particularly notable for a memorable Bottom. The unlettered weaver became the type of all common men seized by fantasy, by the most rare vision that is beyond their powers of expression. His concluding speech in Act 4, 1 was fraught with immense significance, so moving that more than one modern Peter Quince have been prompted " to write a ballad of this dream." We thought the player made the final sentence, " Peradventure, to make it the more gracious I shall sing it after death," instead of " at her death." It seemed a remarkable reading, of wonderful meaning. We find from the delightful " New Shakespeare " edition just published by the Cambridge University Press that such a rendering is not unknown and was pronounced by Furness " emendatio certissima," although our prosaic modern editors dismiss it, considering that Bottom's mind is full of the play in which he is to take part and sees himself singing before the Court with Thisby dead at his feet. We prefer what we seemed to hear at a memorable moment, with our imagination deeply stirred by the magic of the play, but this does not detract from our appreciation of the beautiful Cambridge edition, with its charming introduction, graceful, suggestive, modest, by " Q.," and the most interesting and really pertinent notes on the text and the stage history of the comedy—a compact piece of fine, stimulating, never intolerant or pedantic scholarship, which should be read while in the mood and to capture further the Elizabethan atmosphere with the book of Elizabethan prose, *Life in Shakespeare's England*, compiled by " Q.'s " co-editor, Mr. John Dover Wilson (Cambridge University Press, 7s. net), which illustrates most graphically and intimately by means of very readable extracts from contemporary authors the daily life and social atmosphere through which our greatest poet moved—pictures of the Elizabethan Englishman at work and play drawn by himself. Another companion volume is the *Cambridge Anthology of the Poetry of the Age of Shakespeare*, edited by Mr. W. T. Young (7s. 6d. net), which sets in clear view, unobscured by criticism or opinion, the kinds of poetry practised by the Elizabethans, enabling us to trace for ourselves the process of development through which each has passed—a book of endless enjoyment, argument and comparison. Of lighter quality is the collection of *Songs from the Elizabethans* made by Mr. J. C. Squire for Herbert Jenkins, Ltd. (5s.). It is

most interesting as a selection of poems published with music or intended to be set to music, and consequently are generally well known and limited in theme to love and its various attributes and guises, or to Arcadian delights. Mr. Squire points out that "all these poets are singers of spring, spring in the world and in the heart. Pure joy is rare in poetry, but it is here in a hundred lively songs of spring birds and spring flowers, spring mornings, spring love and spring nuptials. Dominant over all the griefs, real or assumed, the reproaches and scorns, the mementos of death and the maledictions on love, is this air of gaiety, this morning freshness, whether genuine of the English country or imputed to an imaginary Utopia." Apparently we are reverting to the fashions and methods of the Elizabethans, for we are reminded that they, too, "rejoiced in bird-song and took a pretty pleasure in filling their verses with syllables, tirra-lirra, jug-jug, pee-wit, suggesting the diversity of notes. . . . Their own songs were as various; the nineteenth century itself, with all its conscious and proclaimed experimentalism, was not more prolific of metrical and rhythmical invention."

* * *

Eli Siegel, a 22-year-old printer, has won the 1925 prize of $100 offered by the New York *Nation* for the best poem submitted in its annual contest. Four thousand manuscripts were entered for the prize this year. Other poets given honourable mention are the well known POETRY REVIEWERS Frank Ernest Hill, Clement Wood, Maxwell Bodenheim, Robert L. Wolf, Babette Deutsch, and Joseph Auslander. Eli Siegel was born in Russia in 1902, came to the United States with his parents in 1905, and has lived for most of his life in Baltimore, where he was educated in the public schools and is now employed as a printer. The prize-winning poem, *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana*, is Mr. Siegel's first published composition, except for a story which was bought by his High School paper in Baltimore for one dollar.

The decision recalls the recent novel award won by Miss Martha Ostenso, a young Scandinavian-American, as well as the story of Pascal d'Angelo, the Italian "pick-and-shovel poet," who taught himself English, gave up his work in the railroad yards, and suffered months of privation until his verse was discovered by Carl Van Doren through *The Nation's* 1922 poetry contest. It is useful to know that the editors of *The Nation* chose *Hot Afternoons* because it seemed to them the most passionate and interesting poem which came in —a poem recording through magnificent rhythms a profound and important and beautiful vision of the earth on which afternoons and men have always existed.

AN UNKNOWN FOURTEENTH CENTURY POET.

"THE Poet of *Pearl*," an unknown writer of the fourteenth century, and a contemporary of Chaucer, formed the subject of a paper read by Miss Edith Thompson to the Bath Centre of the Poetry Society. Miss Thompson first devoted herself to a critical appreciation of the poem known as *Pearl*, which was preserved with three others, all supposed to be by the same author, in a unique MS. in the British Museum, where it had remained unnoticed, except by antiquarians, till the last century. The poet's biography was almost wholly conjectural, but it would seem that he was a contemporary of Chaucer, and that his birthplace was in the north-west of England. His language would be best represented now by the North Lancashire dialect. The poem *Pearl* was inspired by the death of his little daughter—probably her real name was Margaret—who lived less than two years. The theme was the one common to all Christendom—the vision of a loved one returning to console or rebuke the mourner. It has recently been given a modern dress by the Rev. Dr. Kirtlan, a vice-president of the Poetry Society and one of its special lecturers.

The three other poems which followed *Pearl* in this MS. were *Cleanness*—or in more modern language *Purity*—*Patience* and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. The last-named poem was a spirited romance founded on a barbaric piece of Irish folklore, transferred to the associations of Arthur's Court at Camelot. Savage and extravagant as this tale was, it had been made the foundation of a charming romance of adventure, hardships bravely borne, love, and temptation. This poet, said Miss Thompson, in conclusion, had only a restricted view of life. His interest lay in the class that lived in castles and manor houses. But the writings of this aristocratically and religiously minded poet of the North showed that he appreciated the beauty of a little child's soul, and could show us a hero in humiliation and in penitence as well as in triumph.

* * *

A very judicious, thorough and complete appreciation of the work of Mr. John Masefield by Mr. Ashton Jonson has delighted large audiences at the Kensington Centre and the Savoy Chapel. A keen, analytical intellect is tempered by a warm heart, our colleague believing in and acting upon the Talmud legend frequently quoted by us as a fable for critics. He does not ignore the chaff, but shows that in bulk and weight it is incomparably small against the quality and bulk of the fine grain. Yet we would have liked to hear more of the Lollingdon Downs sonnets and their gospel of beauty.

"DOES TENNYSON WEAR?"

MR. RAWNSLEY'S *Recollections of Tennyson* in the January and February issues of *The Nineteenth Century*, followed by further reminiscences of his old friend at the Savoy Chapel on February 2nd, have done a great service to the memory and fame of the magical poet who has outsoared the envy and hate and calumny and spite with which small and jealous minds, eager for their own notoriety, have pursued him in recent years. Important newspaper reports and references have indicated that it is no longer fashionable to belittle Tennyson, that the wave of disparagement has spent itself. We take the liberty of quoting at length from the most significant of these press comments, a striking leading article in the *Morning Post*. (With part of the "leader," greatly though we welcome and appreciate it, we are inclined to join issue, and our President will take an opportunity of criticising the critic of Tennyson as a dramatist and a master of blank verse.)

"We see that the Poetry Society has been listening to a lecture on Tennyson, proof presumptive that our Georgian Intelligentsia still take some interest in the great Victorian. Mr. Rawnsley was more concerned to tell us of the man than of his work, and his reminiscences go to confirm the accepted idea of the sheltered, sensitive, rather self-centred poet, the fastidious artist in words, the English country-lover. . . . But there is a question over and above all these which Mr. Rawnsley does not trouble to face—How does he wear? There is a good deal of him, we may suppose, that has died with his epoch. . . . When we come to his rhymed verse, we shall find so much of sheer beauty and complete mastery that anyone who denies greatness to Tennyson we must write down an ass. Let those who dare to question this judgment take up their book again and read, among others, these poems: *The Palace of Art; A Dream of Fair Women; The Lotus Eaters; To Virgil; Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington;* let them dip into *The Talking Oak* and *In Memoriam;* let them re-read some of the patriotic ballads; and if, after all these, they are not convinced, then they are beyond the power and the spell of poetry. In vain for them,

> 'the music of the moon
> Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.'

And in vain:

> 'All the charm of all the Muses
> Often flowering in a lonely word.'

Tennyson was no great pioneer in poetry; but he was master of his craft, and by virtue of taste, genius and scholarship full inheritor of a noble tradition. What that tradition meant for him he con-

fessed when he said that, 'If Keats had lived he would have been the first of us all.' Indeed, if Keats had not lived, it is hard to imagine what Tennyson would have been. We may name him with Gray in the department of the elegy. Like Spenser, he could move freely through intricate patterns of rhyming stanza; he knew the secrets of melody in the English language; he could manipulate metres to suit every need of his subject. When a poet can do, and does, all this and more, we need not ask how he wears among those who love poetry—and the rest do not matter. Have our moderns learnt anything from him? We dare not name Thomas Hardy, who was his contemporary and yet liveth, as a modern, and yet could Mr. Hardy—or for that matter Mr. Masefield—have done without *Rizpah?* Those poets like Dr. Bridges who experiment in classical metres will find in the Victorian only a rebuke—but the rebuke is just. And those others who affect to despise rhyme and metre, because they have never mastered them, whose ears are shut to melody and whose eyes to beauty, if they have learnt nothing from Tennyson it is because they cannot be taught."

A few days later the *Morning Post* did us the honour of publishing the following partial yet apposite reply to its "leader":

Sir,—Certain official members of the Poetry Society having asked me by telephone to-day to convey to you our thanks for the fascinating and judicious leading article on Tennyson, which is the more delightful for making poetry a live newspaper topic, I venture to say that out of a wide and varied experience I can assera that Tennyson does wear. Your inquiry is answered partly in e reverse sense by your concluding paragraph. The affectation ther pilloried is wearing very thin. There is a return among verse-writers, particularly among the youngest of all, to metre and melody, and it would seem that the spirit of Tennyson is influencing them and working through them, the intervening period of negation and depression being ignored almost as though it had never exercised a baneful influence. The subject heard everywhere to-day, in relation to almost everything and particularly with respect to poetry, is rhythm, of which Tennyson gave us perhaps the greatest examples in English literature.

That the once apparently waning star is waxing again is observable in other directions than among the newer, younger practitioners of verse. For many years I have heard poetry spoken by children and adults drawn from all classes in London and the provinces, and for several years it was a disconcerting fact that, not only in London but in centres like Sheffield and Newcastle, Tennyson

very seldom, sometimes never, figured among the pieces presented by the candidates. For some time now, during the past two years in particular, he is reappearing more and more, and more modern poets made famous by inclusion in popular anthologies that caught the mood of the moment have receded into the background; and on inquiry the candidates, both young and old, now admit a preference for Tennyson, whom a few years ago they would admit they had not even read, a strange confession to anyone who remembers the extraordinary hold Tennyson had in his lifetime, when even in the remotest villages a new poem, particularly a new volume, by him was regarded as a great event.—Yours, etc.,

GALLOWAY KYLE.

The Poetry Society, February 3rd.

We draw attention to a generous scheme notified elsewhere in this issue by means of which we hope the fine Lucchesi bust of Tennyson will become in many schools a perpetual reminder to young people of the fame of the famous poet whose wondrous spell still binds not only the survivors of his hey-day, but also the youngest of his contemporaries except the few who saw an opportunity for cheap literary sensation by turning on the old lion.

Apropos, a contributor sends us a vigorous anti-modernist article. We print it below, but it would have been more to the point a few years ago. The fervid indignation is no longer necessary, but it does express a common literary attitude:

TENNYSON—AND SOME OTHERS.

TO the question "What is Poetry?" there cannot, in the nature of things, ever be a completely satisfying answer in words. Boswell put the question to Johnson, and Johnson replied, "Why, sir, it is much easier to say what it is not." Poetry is the blue heaven above us, the illimitable horizon about us, the wind on the heath, the grass under foot. As Shirley Keeldar says in *Shirley*, "There is nothing really valuable in this world, there is nothing glorious in the world to come, that is not poetry." "There are only three things in the world," said Rupert Brooke, "one is to read poetry, another is to write poetry, and the best of all is to live poetry." That is the saying of a poet, and potentially we are all poets. Poetry is like the Kingdom of Heaven—if it be not within you, then, for you, it is not anywhere. The trouble with most of us is either imperfect perception, or inarticulateness. Where you get both imperfect perception *and* imperfect articulation, you have —the New Poet. He is like Hawthorne's Uncle Parker, one of whose

eyes had been blown out with gunpowder, and the other did but glimmer in its socket; and he stammers dreadfully. If Dr. Johnson were alive to-day, and one said to him, "Sir, what is the New Poetry?" his answer would run as before, "Why, sir, it is much easier to say what it is not." If pressed for a more explicit answer he *might* say something rude—he *might* even say, "Sir, it is not poetry." Poetry is not a mark to be aimed at, not something to be pursued; as the wind, it bloweth where it listeth, and no man can tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth. The sun shines because it can do none other, and it keeps its place in the heavens without so much as a nail to hang on. So the poet sings because he must, and we welcome the song, though the mystery of it remains.

I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
Round and round they sped.
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.
"It is futile," I said,
"You can never ——"
"You lie!" he cried,
And ran on.

He was a New Poet, poor wretch! Apart from manifestations of that kind, how may one know when one is in the presence of a New Poet? Let me make a suggestion. Ask him (or her) his (or her) opinion of a certain Alfred Lord Tennyson. If he (or she) answers that there was an Alfred Lord Tennyson who wrote a lot of flat prose in the Victorian, or Stone Age, you may be reasonably certain that you are up against a New Poet. I heard Miss Edith Sitwell on one occasion speak of a well-known prose work of the last century called *In Memoriam*, and knew at once that I was in the Presence. Let Tennyson, then, be the touchstone. Assuming that you are afflicted with a sense of humour, or an unhealthy craving for excitement, or are ridden by some imp of the perverse, you will proceed to apologise for your unhappy ignorance of the new poet person's own achievements. The futurist eyes will flash, and in the book of the prophet Whitman there is a line which may serve to interpret their message, "Let him who is without my poems be assassinated." Or, again, there is a passage in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* which may fit the case, where Barrabas says:—

(*Aside*) Ha! I must make this villain away!—
"Please you dine with me, sir?"
(*Aside*) And you shall be most heartily poisoned!

Again I say, let Tennyson be the touchstone. In their arrogant self-sufficiency, the "Georgians" have dismissed this greatest literary artist of the nineteenth century to a limbo of their own imagining, in the manner of Chesterfield's lordly relegation of the Greek Anthology to his son's contempt (and what a limbo *that* was!), or of old John Billet's chilling address to Elia's aunt, "Woman, you are superannuated!" Tennyson has his faults, of course, being human, and we do not need any "Georgian" *vers librist* to tell us what those faults are. It is enough for us to know that he was a maker of immortal music, secure against the equal impertinences of praise or blame from the Liliputians. We recall his own words of mingled pride, humility and scorn,

O little bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine,
I hear the roll of the ages.

Greater than I—is that your cry?
And men will live to see it?
Well—if it be so—so it is, you know;
And if it be so, so be it.

If there is anything to be added, let it be added by Sir William Watson:—

You phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus,
With strangest words at your beck and call;
Who tumble your thoughts in a heap before us—
Here was a bard shall outlast you all.

You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
You rack and you rive it, you twist it and maul.
Form, you abhor it, and taste, you disdain it—
And here was a bard shall outlast you all.

Bolshevism in art is no new thing—it runs right through the ages, a scarlet thread in the tapestry of time. The futurists and their congeners are but the latest apostles of a creed which, in one form or another, has made itself ridiculous in many literatures and has justified itself in none. They are apostate merely for the sake of apostasy. They call themselves realists, and cram their lines with facts, forgetting that "the walls of rude minds are scrawled all over with facts." They bawl their cracked wares huskily in the market-

place. They swagger bravely in the taverns of Vanity Fair, and sit smacking their lips with apparent gusto over sour wine spiced with puddle-water. They seek to study astronomy in caves, and delude themselves that they "sit in the aurora of a sunrise which is to put out all the stars." They live on the proceeds of bogus cheques drawn on the Bank of Fame, and are haunted all their days by fear of the consequences, knowing full well that for them the hemp is sown and grown and spun. If they be indeed the true and legitimate possessors of the winged chariot, why don't they ride in it, instead of on the back of their bucking mule! Their family is surely sprung from that unknown poet who "woefully pined away on a diet of fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine whenever he could get it." Even so, they are a degenerated progeny. They may fairly be described as the Epileptic Parnassians, perpetrating what they call their Poems during brainstorms; looping the loop above Parnassus.

F. C. OWLETT.

* * *

In the excellent "Books and Bookmen" causerie of the *Glasgow Herald* a lesson in verse-craft is given in a critical reference to the winter number of *Poetry of To-day*, which is admitted to be "well worth attention." The writer finds many of the poems "overloaded with adjectives," and proceeds, "Lines like 'the cryptic cobbled, close-walled street' occur too frequently, and the writers here represented—both British and American—would do well to study the value of adjectival economy. By eliminating adjectives (often used merely to fill up a line) and by employing a few effective words a writer always 'gets there' more quickly." This constructive critic, to whom we are indebted for a very reasonable comment, adds, "It is a fact very creditable to the British contributors that their verses have more piquancy and colour than these of their American confrères."

* * *

An egregious poetaster turned critic has been advertised as giving the following testimonial to a contemporary: "He is, without a shadow of doubt, intellectually the best equipped, psychologically the profoundest, spiritually the most fertile and daring, of any of the poets who are at present approaching maturity in years." A little ambiguous perhaps, for all the show of being definite and unequivocal, and a generous assignment of first place to a colleague! But that is not our point. We wonder to whom, in our readers' opinion, these extravagant terms were or might be applied? No prizes are offered for their guesses.

THE PREMIUM EDITOR'S LETTER

THE money prize goes to Mr. Victor Ballan for *A Hermit's Farewell.* Other poems of prizeworthy merit, which it was a joy to read, came from Miss V. Arlett, Mr. Robert Scott, Miss Honor F. Leeke, Miss Nancy Pollok, Miss E. Joyce Harrison, Miss A. Doris L. Wilson, Miss Audrey Wrangham, Mrs. Louise Dunham Goldsberry, Miss Teresa M. Brust, Mr. Chas. G. Mortimer, Miss Joan Warburg, Miss Barbara E. Smythe, Miss Marion Alison, and Mr. Cyril G. Taylor.

Highly commended, and the recipients of book-prizes, are Miss A. E. Mackay, Miss Constance Morgan, Miss Catherine Bridson, Mr. E. C. Mackinder, "Editha Melbourne" and Miss Minna Rosa Dowson.

Commended are Hugh Montgomerie, E. M. Frampton, Elsley, Maris Johns, Constance D. Thompson, E. M. Atkinson, E. Hall Hains, E. G. Chapman, Phyllis Hastings, Poppæa Peacock, Noël Allport, Margaret Stephens, E. M. Kelly, Constance Harper, Olive Dallison, Ethel Dowson, Phœbe Fenwick Gaye, Petronella O'Donnell, Edith M. Walker, Grace Dorothy Reeves, E. D. Bangay, Florence Overton, Isabel Baynes Badcock, Coralie Howard Haman, S. M. Goode, Blanche Jones, "Cyrille Wright," Audrey Bell, Mrs. F. Lederer, Mrs. A. E. Howe, "Hoel Carlion," B. Sowerby, John Aston, E. Roy King, "D. P. L.," M. E. Howe, Ismay Trimble, F. A. Carter, Norman H. Crowell, "H. H.," Wray Hunt and Francis V. Heakes.

One feels discomfort in putting the author of *Alas, poor Yorick!* in the commended list, but her entry was a slight thing on the raising of Lazarus; and though it was vivid, like all Miss Gaye's work, it had not the content of those which have won book-prizes, nor had it memorable lines like

"You are a piper of impossibles"

which so distinguished the play (not such a *little* play either) with which our poets' fellowship was regaled at the January meeting. Speaking of that, we are having a Northern meeting somewhere about March 7th or 14th. This first meeting will certainly be held in Manchester, the Northern capital being within an hour's run from Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, and other lesser Northern cities. Any "Poetry Reviewer" who has not been invited is asked first to forgive the omission; secondly, to write to Featherstone Buildings so that it may be repaired.

Miss Leeke's book is having an excellent Press: I refer elsewhere to an exception who damns her with faint praise without reading

the book. Another of our fellowship, Miss Gladys Vera Yates, has published her work in the *Little Books of Georgian Verse* series (Erskine MacDonald). What do you think of this, the first verse of one of her poems ?

> " Saint Francis of the singing Order,
> I would my song might win to thee
> Among the birds beyond Earth's border
> Where all thy singing brethren be
> Who joyfully have passed Heaven's Warder."

That is real poetry ; and you will find real poetry on every page of her book, which she calls *April Days*.

Miss Eileen Alderson, yet another, has published a small book with Stockwell, entitled *On the Road*. The very inferior and unprepossessing format of the volume will, I fear, provide a prejudice against purchase ; but there is some good work by the author. I like the *Magic Wood* best, though even this poem harbours one of the many misprints which disfigure these pages.

Here are some extracts from the letter of a new recruit who has also published a book :

" For the third time I direct your attention to my first volume of poems for a special review on their merits as a new departure in modern poetry.

" I desire you to read it carefully and sympathetically and realise that it is a most comprehensive epic in poetic statesmanship worthy of Mr. Kipling, whatever its technical merits may be, and it will speedily find an audience in the English-speaking world if you grant the privilege of quotation, for all who have read it are deeply impressed with its timeliness and application to British problems to-day.

" I call your attention to the dash and glitter of my poem *New York*, which will speedily become popular there as an unique performance *Tu-tank-Amen*, its sister poem, is well worthy of mention and likely to become immediately popular now that the tomb is once again the centre of public attention. Compare *On Seeing a Bust of Homer* with Keats' performance on the same theme, and its merits will strike you.

" *The Magdalen*, *The Venus Genetrix*, *Forward*, *Reincarnation*, etc., are all poems of deep thinking and daring imagery."

That is sublime, isn't it ?

The best criticism of the *Realist* came from " Beechnut," who writes : " This is not ' an ideal subject for criticism ' at all, if—as you always give us to understand—we are to criticise it as poetry. For it is not poetry : it is merely very highly superior verse, and that

is the highest level to which satire, sarcasm and the like, can ever attain ; theirs is not the hush of wonder. Are we to criticise it as verse, then ? Very well ! If there is no intention to parody Kipling, it is very bad to make the verses so reminiscent ; the thing is certainly not even intended as a parody, so the deduction follows. Clusters of words have crowded into the writer's mind and dropped on the page without due analysis : what are embittered ? The glasses ? Impossible ! The cynic, then ? Has he embittered himself with his own gall ? A dynamo which uses part of the current produced to drive itself ? I give it up. Auto-intoxication ! That is all for the first verse, except that *sordid side* is an irremediable piece of pedestrianism. Let us write it like this : *sordid side*. No one can possibly make that duet of '*s*s' and '*d*s' anything but horrible ; and in the very next line we have 'hide ideals'—or like this : h*ide ide*als ! Ugh ! And then 'mon chou' ! Surely this is the classic case of *cabbages* ; but where are the raisins ? "

The poem to be criticised next is the following *Villanelle of Minstrelsy :*

My mistress hearkens while I sing
In ever-varying melody,
And fairy dreams around us cling.

She likes the ballad of the king
Who loved a maid of low degree ;
My mistress hearkens while I sing.

I carol then of sprightly Spring,
Of lambkins frisking o'er the lea,
And fairy dreams around us cling.

Then tears into her eyes I bring
With lovers' plaints in minor key ;
My mistress hearkens while I sing

Or lilt of some dim elfin ring,
Where pixies hold their revelry,
And fairy dreams around us cling.

And as I pluck each speaking string,
And weave each glowing phantasy,
My mistress hearkens while I sing,
And fairy dreams around us cling.

F. A. CARTER.

The regular Premium offer is continued, closing date April 1 ; for general conditions see page 52 (January).

AWARDS OF SPECIAL PREMIUMS:

THE PARR-GERE MUSIC POEM CONTEST.

THE contest for the prize offered by Mrs. Parr-Gere for the best poem about music brought in over five hundred remarkable poetic expressions about what a scientist aptly states is "one of science's most wonderful enigmas." From every part of the world were received poems for this contest, and comparatively few are purely romantic or academic, as most poems about music have been in the past. If we judge the results as the reaction of the people of this age to music we find a broader conception than is shown by past poetry on this subject, a greater tendency, as Mrs. Parr-Gere, the noted American composer-pianist, points out, "to consider music as a part of the universe."

The judges have been impressed with the evident tendency to consider the transcendental qualities and, we may say, nature of music, as differing from interpretations of music by means of instruments. This deeper note is to be found also in poems expressing the poet's reaction to music, the romance, the qualities, the inspiration of music, the works of famous musicians. The inspiration the world receives from music seems to have a more profound basis.

The votes were scattered and resulted in a tie between N. O. Lincoln, San Francisco, E. Joyce Harrison, Lincoln, and Winifred M. Heath, Los Angeles, for the first place; while Vera I. Arlett, Worthing, and Eleanor Hammond, Portland, Oregon, were tied for second place. Third place votes went to B. H. A. Jones, Margate, Barbara E. Smythe, Perth, and Grace Dorothy Reeves, London.

The judges of the contest were Mr. John Jay Chapman, Mr. Edwin Markham, Mr. Otto H. Kahn, Mrs. Florence Parr-Gere, Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok (founder of the Curtis Institute of Music), and Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, American Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

Other entries adjudged especially worthy of commendation were by Arthur Crew Inman, Boston, Mass.; Com. Carlyon Bellairs, M.P., Maidstone; Mary St. John, San Francisco, California; L. A. Ringenberg, Toledo, Ohio; Ella Allison, Gainsville, Florida; Maurice McGee, Oklahoma City; Mary Louise Rankin, Colorado Springs; Richard Scrace, Evanston, Illinois; Smith Tassin, Washington, D.C.; J. M. Stuart-Young, Southern Nigeria; Frederick Lape, Stanford University; Grace H. Sherwood, Catonsville, Md.; Julia Walcott, Hawaii; Mabel Dobbs Hester, Butte, Montana.

THE FOSTER BALLAD CONTEST.

The result of the Foster Ballad Contest dispels the impression that has existed of late years that the ballad is a thing of the past. The three hundred and forty-two ballads submitted for the Foster Prize represent evidence that the ballad writer is still with us, or back with us, if we admit the premises that the ballad was no more until this contest gave it new birth. The subjects of these ballads cover every phase of modern life as well as the life of the last century, with a substantial number of tales of the past.

The five best submitted are: *The Ballad of Fiddlers' Green*, by Margaret Widdemer, New York; *The Ballad of a Singer*, by William Foster Elliott, Fresno, California; *The Woman in the Wagon*, by Clyde Robertson, Denver; *A Ballad of Tiberias*, by Mary Brent Whiteside, Atlanta, Georgia; and a *Ballad of Time and Tide*, by Edith M. Walker, Bournemouth, England.

Others receiving honourable mention were: *The Enchanted Flower*, by Mrs. Florence Parr-Gere, New York; *Idlers in the Island*, by Helen Hyde, Montana; *The Cold North Pole* and *At the Passage of Messina*, A.D. 1464, by E. Nolan, Cagliari, Italy; *The Ballad of the Second Wife*, by Audrey A. M. Bell, London; *The Cruise of the Cassies-May*, by Moira Seton, Wellesley Hills, Mass.; *The Ballad of Gowrie*, by J. H. F. McEwen, London; *Marion's Heritage*, by Evelyn M. Watson, Buffalo, N.Y.; *Metamorphosis*, by Charles B. Noble, Elwood, Indiana; *A Cluster of Lilies*, by Edna MacDonald Serrem, New York; *The Ness King*, by Charles Whitby, Bath; *A Cliff Dwelling*, Indian Ballad, by Jean Milne Gower, Denver; *Ballad of the Woods*, by Mary Hovey, Clen Ellyn, Ill.; *The Wife of Ventnor Lodge*, by F. R. Hoisington, Rye, N.Y.; *Dame Yolanda's Story*, by J. M. Hoisington, Rye, N.Y.; *Lord Angus*, by Nancy Pollock, Glasgow; *A Ballad of Progress*, by Stella V. Kellerman, San Diego; *Marylyn's Radio*, by Alta W. Brown, Iowa; *The Raksha Revenge*, by Gertrude R. Colburn, Colombo; *Belfort Castle*, by Inalez Crowley Foster, Pueblo; *A Tale of Olden Times*, by Frances C. Duggar, Auburn, Alabama; *The Lure of the Orient*, by Katherine R. Colo, Nashville; *A Ballad of the Aftermath*, by Lena E. Bliss, New Hampshire; *The Vrouw's Vigil*, by James A. Russell, Lanark; *A Ballad of Bear Facts*, by Ethel R. Fuller, Portland, Oregon; *Pony Express Bill*, by Marie R. Towne, Los Angeles; *Around the World with Drake*, by Joseph T. Shipley, New York; *Ballad of Rejuvenescence*, by Emma Upton Vaughan, Kansas City. The judges of this contest were Richard Le Gallienne, Clement Wood, Mrs. Edwin Markham, John Hall Wheelock, Mrs. Marie

Tello Phillips, Chairman of the Pittsburgh Chapter, Mrs. Nellie B. Miller, Poet Laureate of Colorado, M. Lee Shippey, Chairman Southern California Chapter, Mrs. Jean Roberts Foster and Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett.

THE WATSON STAR CONTEST.

Our challenge to the poetry world to produce poems about the stars, having poetic excellence as well as scientific accuracy, in contest for the Watson prize has been well met. Over five hundred entries have been received. Most of them deal with the beauty of starlit heavens, or use the stars as a background for poetic expressions, and are commendable as such; but they do not come within the scope of this contest, which is that the prizes shall go to the two best sonnets about stars and the best poem not a sonnet. Scientific accuracy was made a condition in this contest, to meet the requirement of this age of advanced knowledge, and the poets have met this requirement admirably, producing a symposium of poetic expression about the stars that do not deviate from scientific acceptance.

The judges were Professor David Todd, Hudson Maxim, Henry Woodhouse, Editor of *Scientific Age*; Glenn Frank, Editor *Century Magazine*; Carl Van Doren, Literary Editor, and Louis F. Tooker, Associate Editor, of *Century Magazine*; Professor Erskine, Columbia University; Professor Archibald Henderson; Dr. Charles G. Abbott, Smithsonian Institution; Miss Evelyn M. Watson, the poetess, in whose honour the prizes were offered; and Mrs. W. Hunt Bartlett, American Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW. The votes resulted in a tie, an equal number voting for first place for Stanton A. Coblentz's *Betelguese* and Huldah M. Johnson's *Sky Carnival*, for the sonnet prize.

Other favourite selections in the sonnet class were the sonnets of Mary St. John, San Francisco; Com. Carlyon Bellairs, London; Jean Milne Gower, Denver, Colorado; Vera I. Arlett, Worthing; Professor Henry Meade Bland, State College, San José, Cal.; Lilian White Spencer, Denver, Colorado; Professor Frederick Herbert Adler, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Mrs. Julia Walcott Cockcroft, Hawaii; H. Knight Eaton, Les Saintes, Guadeloupe; Mollie W. Tatum, Suffolk, England; Gustav Davidson, New York; Frank Garner, Melbourne; Dr. Israel Newman, Larned, Kansas.

The four favourite poems outside the sonnet form are: *Stars*, by Edith M. Walker, Bournemouth, England; *Stars*, by Katherine Wasburn Harding, Boston, Mass., *Starlight*, by Agnes Kendrick Gray, Seabreeze, Florida; and by Arthur Crew Inman, Boston,

Mass.; followed by Alice Prendergast's *Blindness*, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Harriet Reynold's *The Daughter of the Stars*, Upper Falls, Maryland; and Elizabeth Wild's *Sublimity of Stars*, Berkeley, Cal.

The judging of these contests, involving a great deal of detail, was not completed until this issue was due for press, and we are only able to summarise the awards, holding over the preferred poems for a later or special issue. Demands on space have become so many, exigent and urgent that we need a monthly issue twice the size of our present REVIEW.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—Perhaps some readers who are more deeply versed in Shakespeare than I am will supply references to flowers and horticulture to prove that he was a practical gardener. I have heard it suggested that the "bank where the wild thyme blows,

> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
> Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine,"

was in his own Bankside garden, where he experienced the evils of wet and blighting cold and knew how "the canker galls the infants of the spring." He pitied the pale primroses "that die unmarried, ere they can behold bright Phœbus in his strength" and made Perdita recite the "flowers of middle summer." In his later prosperous days he may have had a careless gardener "who spread the compost on the weeds to make them ranker."

London, W. K. F.

* * *

Two recently elected vice-presidents of The Poetry Society are engaged actively in promoting the ideals of the Society in the hub of the intellectual universe, Boston. Mr. Charles H. Gibson is the President of the Boston Chapter of the American Literary Association, and has associated with him as first Vice-President Miss Helen A. Clarke, a leading member of the Boston Authors' Club, and director of The Symposium, a philosophical association. Miss Clarke has been giving a lengthy course of lectures in verse technique from Chaucer to the latest modernists, and also has to her credit more than half a dozen volumes of appreciative and sympathetic studies of the New England Poets and of Robert Browning. She has also assisted in editing the Camberwell edition of Robert Browning, and the Coxhoe edition of Mrs. Browning's works.

Our Maryland colleague, Mrs. Leacy Naylor Green-Leach, is responsible for a bi-monthly "journal of verse" known as *The Circle*, published at Baltimore, where it is the organ of a very active and expressive poetry circle, in addition to publishing contributions from and appealing to the whole American continent and even extending to England, whence it has drawn Miss B. Jones, of Margate, and other "Poetry Reviewers." *The Circle*, which publishes an effective epigrammatic definition of poetry—"thought in princeliest attire, treading a measure"—notifies us of two new competitions.

* * *

Helen Bayley Davis, member of the Baltimore Poetry Circle and International Bookfellow, offers a prize of $10 for best rondeau or rondel sent to Mrs. Green-Leach, 1613, Bolton Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A., before midnight, June 30. Poems must be sent without signature. A contest to be known as the "Marguerite E. Easter Contest," with prize of $25, is offered through *The Circle* by her son, Arthur Miller Easter, charter member of the Baltimore Poetry Circle, for the best sonnet submitted to the Editor of *The Circle* by September 30 inclusive. Only one sonnet may be submitted by each contestant. In each case name and address of contestant must be sent in enclosed and sealed envelope, together with stamps for return of manuscript. The contest is open to subscribers only.

* * *

Canterbury expresses respect for Marlowe's memory, and has placed a tablet on the house reputed to be his birthplace, although it has removed his memorial from the site of the old Butter Market, opposite the Christ Church gate of the Cathedral, to a more congruous position at the head of the lime avenue in the Dane John Gardens. The three empty niches beneath the statue of the sprightly Muse are to be filled with figures of Faustus, the Jew of Malta and Edward II, who will be good company for the hitherto solitary figure of Sir Henry Irving as Tamburlaine.

* * *

A series of articles by Miss Crosby Heath on the poetry of Spain begins in this issue, and will be found an illuminating introduction to a generally too little known literature. With additions that are outside the scope of THE POETRY REVIEW, the articles will be published in volume form in the autumn. Part II of the first article will deal with Lope de Vega and Calderon, and will contain a synopsis of the latter's play, *La Vida es Sueno* ("Life is a Dream"), which the Marlowe Society of Cambridge is to produce this summer.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S VERSE

A KEEN perception of beauty, a sense of artistry and form, far removed from the indiscriminate cataloguing of some commended practitioners of verse, a meticulous regard for the sound and meaning of words—these are some of the features of the young people's poems presented for our consideration. And yet a mathematical mistress tells us she does not encourage this form of self-expression, which demands in addition to a cultured and restrained imagination and the cultivation of the highest faculties with which humanity is endowed—in some cases very sparingly—as much regard for logic and exactitude as the highest mathematics do. We wonder what the Mr. Masefield of *Lollingdon Downs* would say to this sonnet by Urla Skimming (16), who was one of our contributors before she entered her teens, and found her way several years ago into *Dent's Junior Poetry Book?*

Beauty, as your disciple now, I find
You everywhere I go—In every place
In every thing, in every passing face
You remain always printed on my mind.
A city at dusk—some building, massive, grey,
Lifted and held against the darkening sky ;
The indifferent faces of the passers-by
Who, nothing noting, go upon their way.
A branch of roses in a sea-green jar,
And, sunlight flooding through an open door,
Wind-shaken shadows of leaves upon the floor.
A silver evening lit by one great star.
Beauty, in all these things so full of grace
That I remember, I have seen *your* face.

Here is how a Lancashire lad (Graham G. Hough (16), of Huyton) describes the " Transfiguration " of his dingy city :

Under the glow of the sunset
Lay the town in the dusky mist,
And the dull and smoke-grimed houses
Glowed gold and amethyst.

And the grey town stood transfigured
As it swam in the rosy light,
And the dirt and the smoke all vanished
In the purple mists of night.

By way of contrast read *Hallowe'en*, by Elinor Hollis (16), of the Academy of the Assumption, Mass. :

Creepiest night of nights,
Time of grinning sprites,
Hallowe'en !
Eve of happenings queer ;
Masks with elfish leer,
Hallowe'en !

Eery ghosts and impish fays
Frighten one in many ways ;
Apples bob and parings fall,
Fortunes told for one and all !
If your paring form a G,
George your future spouse will be.
Music, laughter fill the air ;
Fun runs riot everywhere—
'Tis Hallowe'en !

Pat Scott Craig (15), Edinburgh, in two ambitious sonnets finds himself in communion with Whittier and pays a tribute far removed from the commonplace to *The Unknown Warrior*,—*If Hate Killed Him, Love Sent Him Forth*, and Joan S. Blackmore (Highgate) at 13 shows the influence of Longfellow, but is not imitative, and at 14 is able to convey a sense of breathless rush in a *Hymn of Speed* :

Oh, we are the men who have loved the swift
Since the days when the world was young,
Since the planets whirled in the starry sky
And raced with the fiery sun ;
And chariot, charger and aeroplane
Have served us all in our need,
For we are the Priests of the Universe
And we worship the Goddess Speed.

For the best collection of poems, the palm is deserved by King Edward VI Girls' Grammar School, Louth. As they lead both under and above fifteen—in the former class are some ambitious additions to *The Tempest*, a delicious *Song of a Bird*, by Ella Humphrey (14), and the appended terse lines *On a Cat*, by Maud Eaton (14)—

Two fiery eyes, so deep, so wide, so green,
Two pointed, sharp, and tensely listening ears,
A crouching figure still with senses keen
Watching the birds of the air, who have no fears.

Near, nearer yet with stealth and guile she draws,
Then swift she springs upon her helpless prey ;
She holds a bird, displaying all her claws ;
The other birds in fright have flown away.

Yet long ago, beside old Father Nile
A god this figure was and feared by all,
'Twas full of cunning, wariness and wile,
And priests adoring answerèd her call.

The cat, for this is she, is lower now—
She catches mice and purrs, and utters, " Meow "—

we have pleasure in awarding to the school the first of the President's prizes—one of the Lucchesi busts of Tennyson. It is a happy coincidence that Louth is the first school to gain this distinction. The MSS. are retained for more detailed examination and criticism.

A secondary group place is taken by St. Alphonsus' School, Manchester, for an expressive lot of juvenile verses. Individual mention with the usual acknowledgments in the form of books must be made of *A Farmer's Prayer*, which Sydney Cole (13) wrote after riding on his bicycle past flooded cornfields, and the following lines by James Taylor (12), which are an improvement on many of the poems ostensibly written for children by grown-ups.

When I grow up I mean to be
A pastry cook, for then you see
I'll have such gorgeous thing to eat—
Buns and pies and cookies sweet !
No dull boiled mutton any more
But macaroons and cakes galore !

I've often heard my Mum declare,
That when I'm big I shall not care
For buns, and pies and lollipops,
Cakes, macaroons and toffeedrops,
But, there, I think she must be wrong,
For sweets I'll want my whole life long !

To the above mentioned prize winners, James Taylor (12) and

Cecilia Frost (12), Manchester, Alice Stewart (15), Wellesley Hills, Ella Humphrey (15) and Eileen Oyler (17), Louth, must be added for excellent descriptive work.

An Important Announcement.

We have pleasure in announcing an important extension of the Young People's Contests, which will be continued from issue to issue.

The President of the Poetry Society authorises us to offer as a group prize, one of the famous Lucchesi busts of Tennyson, for award to the school submitting the best collection of poems by pupils.

The first award is made in this issue to a school in Tennyson's own county.

The President also enables us to offer a Tennyson bust for the best selection of essays on Tennyson sent in by any one school. (This competition will be repeated in succeeding issues with different subjects for treatment, but all bearing on appreciation of Tennyson's poems and limited to 1,000 words.)

In addition, the usual book prizes at the adjudicator's discretion will again be given in three classes—viz., ages under eleven, ages eleven to fifteen, and ages fifteen to seventeen. The books include Mrs. Meynell's *School of Poetry*, Philip Wayne's *Lyrics for Children*, Dent's *Junior Poetry Book*, *Rainbow Lanterns* by Emily Lewis, and a selection of other suitable verse books not exceeding one hundred volumes. Not more than two poems may be submitted by or on behalf of any competitor, and each MS. must bear the name and address of the writer, and an endorsement of authenticity by a parent or teacher, who must be a member of the Poetry Society. School teachers, however, may send in batches of poems by their pupils, and in the event of any large number being received from any particular school or teacher, a special additional prize or prizes may be awarded, thus constituting a competition within the major general contest. All MSS. should be addressed to the Children's Verse Editor, Poetry Review, 16, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1, on or before March 31st. Personal criticism of MSS. can only be given on payment of a fee of 5s. Several poems may be sent by teachers and others for a private opinion for this fee.

* * *

Invitations to meetings of the Poets' Fellowship, the Writers' Centre of the Poetry Society, will be sent on application, as meetings in London and the Northern district are arranged.

GEORGE MACDONALD'S POETRY.

THE centenary of the birth of George MacDonald occurred in December last, and "George MacDonald's Poetry in Verse and Prose" was the appropriate subject of an address by Dr. Greville MacDonald, son of the poet and novelist, at the Poetry Society's weekly meeting at the Chapel of the Savoy on January 12. *The Times* reported there was an exhibition of manuscripts and first editions of George MacDonald's works, and portraits from his youth to his extreme old age. Among the MS. was *Robert Falconer*, a novel which ran through *The Argosy* in 1866 and brought the writer into popular favour. It was beautifully written and remarkably free of corrections or alterations. Still more notable as a specimen of bold and clear handwriting was a long poem entitled *Within and Without*, which MacDonald copied from the original draft (also shown) and presented, handsomely bound, to his wife on their marriage.

Dr. MacDonald said his father defined the poet as "a man who is glad of something and tries to make other people glad of it too." What George MacDonald was glad of was the beauty of the world in which we live. He could not have been the great poet he was had he not seen the revelation of God in all things. On the anniversary of the poet's centenary, December 10, there was a remarkable article in *The Times* called "Child, Lover, Saint," which stated that MacDonald had made a great discovery—namely, that "God is Love." Bearing on that point, Dr. MacDonald went on to say that he found among his father's papers the MS. of a brief poem, written in reply to someone who had remarked to him, "God is so far away," in which were the lines :—

> Is the sun far from any smallest flower
> That lives by his dear presence every hour ?

and which insisted that God's light and ministrations were to be seen all round.

* * *

The annual general business meeting of The Poetry Society (Incorporated) will be held at the offices of the Society, 16, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1, on Saturday, April 25th, 1925, at 2.30 p.m., to receive the annual financial statement and elect the General Council. Names of delegates representing centres should be sent to the General Secretary not later than April 14th. Any member who wishes to bring any proposal before the annual meeting must give 28 days' written notice thereof to the General Secretary. Nominations for membership of the General Council must be made by two members of the General Council or three unattached members 28 days prior to the date of the meeting.

Prof. Fitzmaurice Kelly's pocket volume, *Some Masters of Spanish Verse*, reaches us very opportunely from Mr. Humphrey Milford. Prof. Kelly is the distinguished Spanish scholar, author of a *History of Spanish Literature*, the standard English book, and Editor of the *Oxford Book of Spanish Verse*. This little book is his latest study of Spanish poets, from Gonzalo de Bercio to Rubén Darío, and embodies all the newest and most authoritative knowledge obtainable. His rehabilitation of Góngora is illuminating. The book is one of those invaluable contributions to Spanish letters which the world owes to the Hispanic Society of America.

* * *

In an interesting discussion that followed a paper by Miss Ida Norman on " Bird Poetry " at a meeting of the Poetry Society at Bath, it was mentioned that whereas a few years ago nightingales abounded along the Warminster road, in the Limpley Stoke Valley, and even in the Horshoe Walk leading to Smallcombe, these sweet singers have almost disappeared. owing to the cutting down of the trees in which they were wont to dwell and the incursion of that modern invention, the motor car.

* * *

The programme at Shortlands has been :—January 20, Poems by living writers ; February 3, Poems of mediæval romance. The subjects of the March meetings are :—March 3, Character studies ; March 17, Milton ; March 31, Spring.

* * *

An interesting Bristol and Clifton Centre meeting was held on January 31, when Dr. Charles Whitby, of the Bath Centre, lectured to a large audience on " The Shelleyan Ethos and Pathos." Dr. Whitby is well-known as a writer and his address specially appealed to a Bristol audience, as his play, *Ambition*, was recently much appreciated at the Little Theatre in that city. Mr. Tabor Davies, the treasurer of the Bristol Centre, was in the chair, and introduced Dr. Whitby as belonging to the long line of medical men who, beginning with St. Luke, have taken an interest in literature.

* * *

Contemporary work will be a feature of the weekly " readings " at the Savoy Chapel. On March 9th Mr. Kenneth Ashley will read from *Up Hill and Down Dale*, and on the 23rd Mr. Frank Kendon's *Poems and Sonnets* will be read from. These two new books carry on the John Lane tradition for fine new work in poetry. On April 6th Miss K. M. Buck reads from her new version of *The Wayland-Dietrich Saga*, and on March 30th the *Golden Treasury*

of Modern Lyrics will be discussed. On March 16th Miss Susan Richmond deals with "The Poetry of Everyday."

* * *

The Lord Gorell will give an address on "Poetry and Modern Life" at a special meeting on March 19th; Chairman, Mr. J. C. Squire; details on application to the General Secretary.

* * *

Readings from Keats and of favourite poems and a verse recital by Miss M. J. Rutherford have been the subjects of recent meetings of the Wimbledon Centre. On March 3rd, at 4, Alan Road, members read poetry and prose, "In Praise of Poetry"; on March 17th, at Wynyards, Ridgway, Miss Hughes lectures on Rupert Brooke and Flecker. At later meetings the president, Mr. A. W. Wills, will deal with Swinburne and Mrs. Lampson with Elizabethan Songs, and a verse competition will be held shortly.

* * *

It is proposed to revive the "poetic pilgrimages" with a visit to Rome and Florence at Easter, with special reference to the Keats, Shelley, Byron, Browning and Dante associations in connection with which special meetings will be held under local auspices. An invitation has come from the Society at Avignon to visit the Mistral country and Provence at Whitsuntide. A pilgrimage to the Burns country will follow, together with a summer meeting at Canterbury. Members are invited to apply for particulars.

* * *

That a poetry recital can be a delightful entertainment was proved by Mrs. Baxendale Price at the Hampstead Town Hall. Very simply and sympathetically she evoked a series of mental pictures of "The Poet and the Children," a running commentary blending the detached poems, ranging from Shakespeare, through Milton and Wordsworth, to Walter de la Mare and Rose Fyleman, into a most delightful composite scheme. But Miss Fyleman is not the only writer of charming verses about fairies, and an intolerably snobbish and foolish triolet blots a fair piece of work.

* * *

The first annual business meeting of the Highgate Centre will be held at 52, Southwood Lane, N.6, on March 16th, at 8 p.m., when future plans and other matters will be discussed, followed by a reading of poems on "Flowers and Fairies."

April 6th.—"Warriors and War."

April 20th.—"American Poets."

May 4th.—"Modern Irish Poets." Reading by Mr. Wilson.

The Kensington President of the Poetry Society (Mrs. Mends Gibson) appears on Cassell's spring list with a novel of the French Revolution.

* * *

A lecture recital on "Florence and the Poets," by Miss Julie Huntsman, assisted by members and medallists of the Poetry Society, and illustrated by lantern slides, especially made in Italy, will be given under the auspices of the Hampstead Centre in the Hampstead Public Library, on Tuesday, March 31st, at 7.45 p.m., chairman, Mr. Guy Kendall, M.A. Tickets of admission (free) can be obtained on sending stamped addressed envelope to Mr. J. F. Tilly, 32, Camden Square, N.W.1, giving names for whom the tickets are required. Miss Huntsman's delightful recital should be an admirable preparatory for the "pilgrimage" to Florence (and Rome) at Easter, announced on another page.

* * *

The following programme has been arranged by the Hampstead Centre :—

March 3rd.—Winds.
March 17th.—Irish poets, including arranged reading of "The Countess Cathleen," by W. B. Yates.
April 7th.—Poems on "Music."
April 21st.—Devils.
May 5th.—Colour.

The meetings are held at Miss Julie Huntsman's Studios, 150, Finchley Road, N.W.3, at 7.45 p.m. Further information respecting the work of the Centre can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. F. Tilly, 32, Camden Square, N.W.1.

* * *

Meetings of the Golders Green Centre are held at the Institute (Room 11), Central Square, Hampstead Garden Suburb, on the first and third Fridays of the month at 8 p.m. The following programme has been arranged :—

March 6th.—Dramatic readings.
March 20th.—Poems on Spring.
April 3rd.—William Wordsworth.
April 17th.—Fairies.

Information respecting membership of the Society can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary (*pro tem.*), Mr. J. F. Tilly, 32, Camden Square, N.W.1 ('phone : North 709).

THE LADY MARGARET GOLD MEDAL.

TWENTY-ONE young competitors strove to win the Poetry Society's Lady Margaret gold medal in that most difficult of arts, the recitation of poetry, the *Morning Post* reported on November 13th. The recital took place at Seaford House, Belgrave Square, by permission of Lady Howard de Walden. As they were already holders of silver medals the young aspirants—they were all girls—had some confidence in their ability. They acquitted themselves well.

"There was light and shade, good time, naturalness, expression, and variety in their work. They were most successful in the dramatic lyrics, in which some action gave grip to their recitation, not so successful in such fine lyrics as Keats's *Ode to Psyche*, and least successful in passionate dramatic verse, like Guinevere's Remorse from Tennyson's *Idylls*.

"The Poetry Society may be congratulated on encouraging the appreciation of poetry as an art not only delightful to read, but also beautiful when heard."

Dr. H. H. Hulbert, who acted as adjudicator, announced his awards late in the evening in a judicious and greatly appreciated speech. There was no doubt, he said, about the winner. The Gold Medal had been gained by Miss Constance Lynn, of Harrow, who had a beautiful voice, most intelligently used, and who was also eloquent with her eyes. Dr. Hulbert also announced that while the Lady Margaret Gold Medal would remain the premier award of the year and would be competed for as hitherto, the recital would also be an examination for the gold medal of the Society to be awarded at the discretion of the examiner to as many examinees as he considered reached the necessarily high gold medal standard of exceptionally finished, individual and artistic performance. Supplementary awards were made on this occasion in the following order of merit :—(2) Miss Olwyn M. Morgan (Westcliff), (3) Miss Hilda Vincent (Bromley), (4) equal, Miss Ivy Croucher and Miss Molly Ridler (Clifton).

* * *

Dr. H. H. Hulbert, M.A., etc., is giving a weekly series of lecture-demonstrations in "Poetry and Diction" at the offices of the Poetry Society. The lectures are intended primarily for but not confined solely to teachers, for whom they are invaluable. Any reader who is interested may obtain particulars from the General Secretary.

* * *

The spring London Winter Examination (all classes) will be held on March 7th. Examinations will be held at Stockton-on-Tees on March 14th, at Doncaster, Sheffield, Manchester, Arnside, Kendal, Bournemouth, etc., in May, at Swanage and Clifton in June.

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S EXAMINATIONS IN THE ART OF SPEAKING AND READING VERSE—PASS LIST.

London, June 28th, 1924.

CERTIFICATES—Juniors (Honours): Agatha Carroll, Brenda Cleare, Lilian Rumball. (Special Mention): Violet Curtis, Margaret Nazer, Eileen Philipson, Ena Eastland. (Pass): Doris Allen, Frances Barnett, Constance Florence Phillips, Irene Howe, Winnie Byrne, Eileen Moore, Joan Bowen, Eileen Mumford, Nellie Mitchell, Phyllis Mitchell, Eva Golding, Olive Adkins, Irene Ball.

Senior (Honours): Emily Walker, Dorothy Deane, Muriel Mollison, Peggy van Praagh, Freda Lambert, Audrey Watt, Evelyn Pound, Doris Simms, Jessie Dawson, Dora Dodds, Eileen Hughes, Elsie Turner, Budge Deane. (Special Mention): Hilda Pope, Polly Adler, Miriam Kershner, Vivian Shanks, Maud Hepburn, Peggy Knight, Peggy Dawes, Joan Ammoore, Cecilia Griggs. (Pass): Maud Pryor, Olive Price, Katie Needle, Nancy Dugon, Joyce Parker, Joan White, Rosalie Hepburn, Joy Maule, Phyllis Paine, Isabel Goodwillie.

Adult (Honours): Doris M. Boston, Mrs. Humfrey, Alice M. Bull, Mrs. Riley. (Pass): Dorothy M. Wilson, Edith Mary Grist, Elsie J. Howell, Joyce Wimbolt, Edith Gilmour, Muriel Penhale, Marguerite Ethel Truscott.

BRONZE MEDALS—Junior (Special Mention): Rose Mintz. (Pass): Rosalind Schneiderman, Betty Knight.

Senior (Honours): Joyce Land, Paule de Lepervanche, Margaret Burton-Brown. (Special Mention): Mary Brickell. (Pass): Elaine Shanks, Sylvia Harris, Rena Stratford, Helen Fairbrother, Lilian Stray.

Adult (Honours): F. Bond. (Special Mention): Dorothy Moorey. (Pass): Enid Simpson.

SILVER MEDALS—Junior (Special Mention): Rebecca Marks. (Pass): Evelyn Spurway, Sophie Spitalnick, Winifred Freeborough.

Senior (Honours): Barbara Bigge. (Pass): Mary Weller, Daphne Henly, Margaret Gammage, Rose Dykes, Florence Turner.

Adult (Honours): Sally Craven, Constance Lynn. (Special Mention): Ivy Croucher, Muriel Walmsley. (Pass): Stella Machin, Nina Pound.

Haledon House, Slough, June 26th, 1924.

CERTIFICATES—Junior (Special Mention): B. R. Morris, M. E. Myers. (Pass): A. E. Bailey, B. M. Green.

Senior (Pass): E. G. McKinnon, A. V. Milman, M. B. May.

BRONZE MEDALS—Junior (Honours): D. K. Conner.

Senior (Special Mention): M. H. Greenslade, K. N. Brown.

Silver Medals—Junior (Honours): P. M. Goetzee.
Senior (Pass): J. E. M. Banfield.

Arnside, July 2nd, 1924.

Certificates—Juniors (Honours): Dorothy Haworth. (Special Mention): N. R. Bretherick, Joan Leith Shackleford. (Passes): H. Taylor, William Addison, S. Holding, P. Douglas Milligan, John A. Nasmith, John Robinson, Joseph Shea, James L. Slater, James Douglas Spencer, William Stoddart, G. Haworth, W. Chadwick, W. A. Barlow, Mary M. Anderson, Marjorie Sandiford, Madeline H. Shackleford, Margot Winifred Sharman, Eileen D. Taylor, Margaret S. Haworth, Marian Holdsworth, Constance Mary Mitchell, Kathleen Betty Innes, Audrey Mary Greenwood, Vera Fletcher, Margaret C. Davie, Elsie M. Baxter, Margaret B. Harris, Freda Lilian Oxberry, Mary A. Pierce, Katherine B. Chapman, Nora K. Crook, Diana R. Darwell.

Seniors (Honours): Sheila Margaret Briggs-Bury. (Special Mention): John N. Parker, Ruth E. Harris. (Passes): Queenie F. Croft, Dorothy E. Burrell.

Felixstowe, July 18th, 1924.

Silver Medals—Seniors (Special Mention): Mollie Ridler. (Passes): Sue Britton, Eileen Vaughan.

Junior: Patsy Smith.

Bronze Medals—Adult (Pass): Kathleen Stafford.

Seniors (Pass): Betty Cole, Cynthia Hortin, Isobel Kerfoot, Eileen Mogg.

Juniors (Honours): Beatrice Leach. (Pass): Biddy Lee-Davis, Peta Mogg.

Certificates—Adult (Honours): Barbara Bruce-Cole. (Special Mention): Lulu Talyarkhan.

Senior (Honours): Betty Arnold, Neta Coates, Winifred Kirkhouse, Molly White. (Special Mention): Molly Baldwin, Mary Fyrth, Margaret Mutton, Phyllis Rogers, Kathleen Smith. (Pass): Molly Craik, Elizabeth Levy-Langfield.

Junior (Honours): Mansell Adnitt, Mimette Carlton, Grace Cottrell, Peggy Woodcock. (Special Mention): Doreen Mervyn-King. (Pass): Barbara Cameron, Lucille Giles, Felicia James.

Special Bronze and Silver Medal Audition, London, Oct. 11th, 1924.

Bronze Medal—Adult: M. M. Kennedy.

Silver Medals—Junior: E. Butcher.
Senior: L. Stray, I. Palmer.
Adult: F. Bond.

CERTIFICATES—Adult: M. Johns.
Junior: Marcella Neri.
Senior: Sophie Spitalnick.
BRONZE MEDALS—Junior: Joyce Shoesmith.
Senior: Winnie Hobson.

The Senior Certificate was awarded to Adelaide Howsham and Leonora Burdett.

Adult (Honours): Mrs. Maud Burniston. (Pass): Miss Miriam Henderson, Miss Marie Middlebrook, Miss Kathleen Brennard.

The Adult Certificate was awarded to Mrs. Gertrude Smith and Miss Elizabeth Robinson.

Sheffield, November 25th, 1924.

CERTIFICATES—Junior (Special Mention): Jose Mary Keep, Irene Bargh, Margaret Fernehough, Kathleen M. Thorne. (Pass): Joan Hughes, Peggy Taylor, William Hollingsworth, Kathleen Kelly.

Senior (Honours): Dorothy Gladwin, Elizabeth Brodie. (Special Mention): Eileen Cross, Kathleen Phillips. (Pass): Beatrice Clarke.

Adult (Honours): Doris Ellen Mills. (Special Mention): Norah Wales, Florence H. Coope. (Pass): Christine Ferguson.

BRONZE MEDALS—Junior (Honours): Phyllis F. Tucker. (Pass): Sheila Stacy.

Senior (Honours): Christian M. Thomson. (Pass): Amy Wilkinson, Zena Fairbotham, Dorothy Milner, Gertrude Trotman, Nellie Shipman.

SILVER MEDALS—Senior (Pass): Thora Margaret Jones, Audrey M. Hodgson, Marjorie L. Holder, Kathleen Oldham.

Adult (Honours): Dorothy Smithson. (Pass): Doris Wood, Marjorie C. Andrew.

Manchester, November 26th, 1924.

CERTIFICATES—Junior (Pass): J. N. Skeet, R. R. Skeet.
Senior (Pass): M. S. Hardy, M. H. Seddon.

Adult (Honours): M. Southwick-Sander. (Special Mention): D. L. Marsh. (Pass): B. Tickle, D. Cross.

BRONZE MEDAL—Adult (Pass): I. Hutchinson.

Calder Girls' School (Cumberland), November 27th.

CERTIFICATES—Senior (Honours): D. Wilson, M. McGill, K. Sykes. (Special Mention): D. White. (Pass): M. Ahier, J. Adair, M. Armstrong, G. Anderson, M. Dalzell, M. Hamilton, R. MacRae, J. Poole, D. Rogers, E. Scott, C. Victor, B. Crabtree.